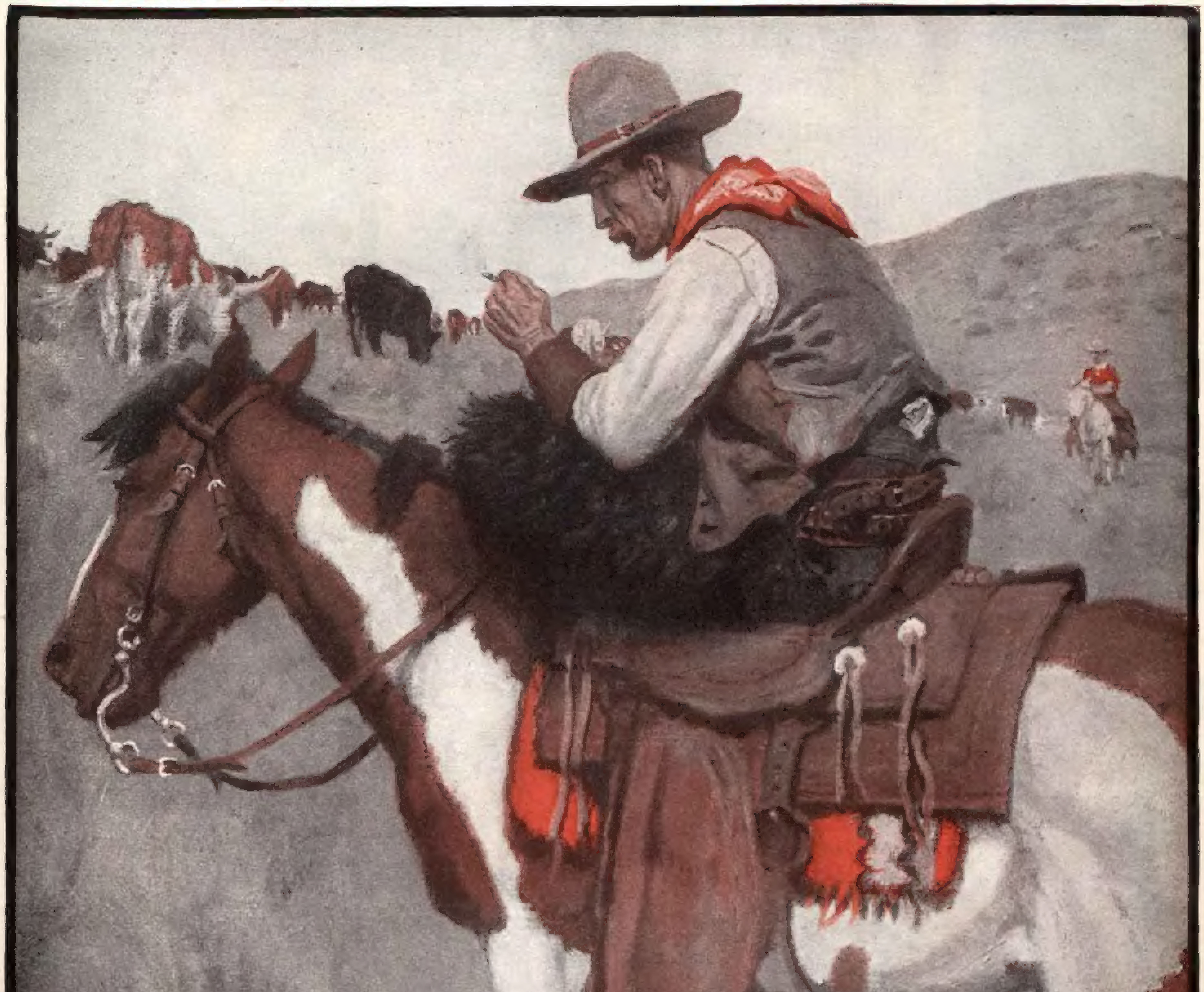
THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

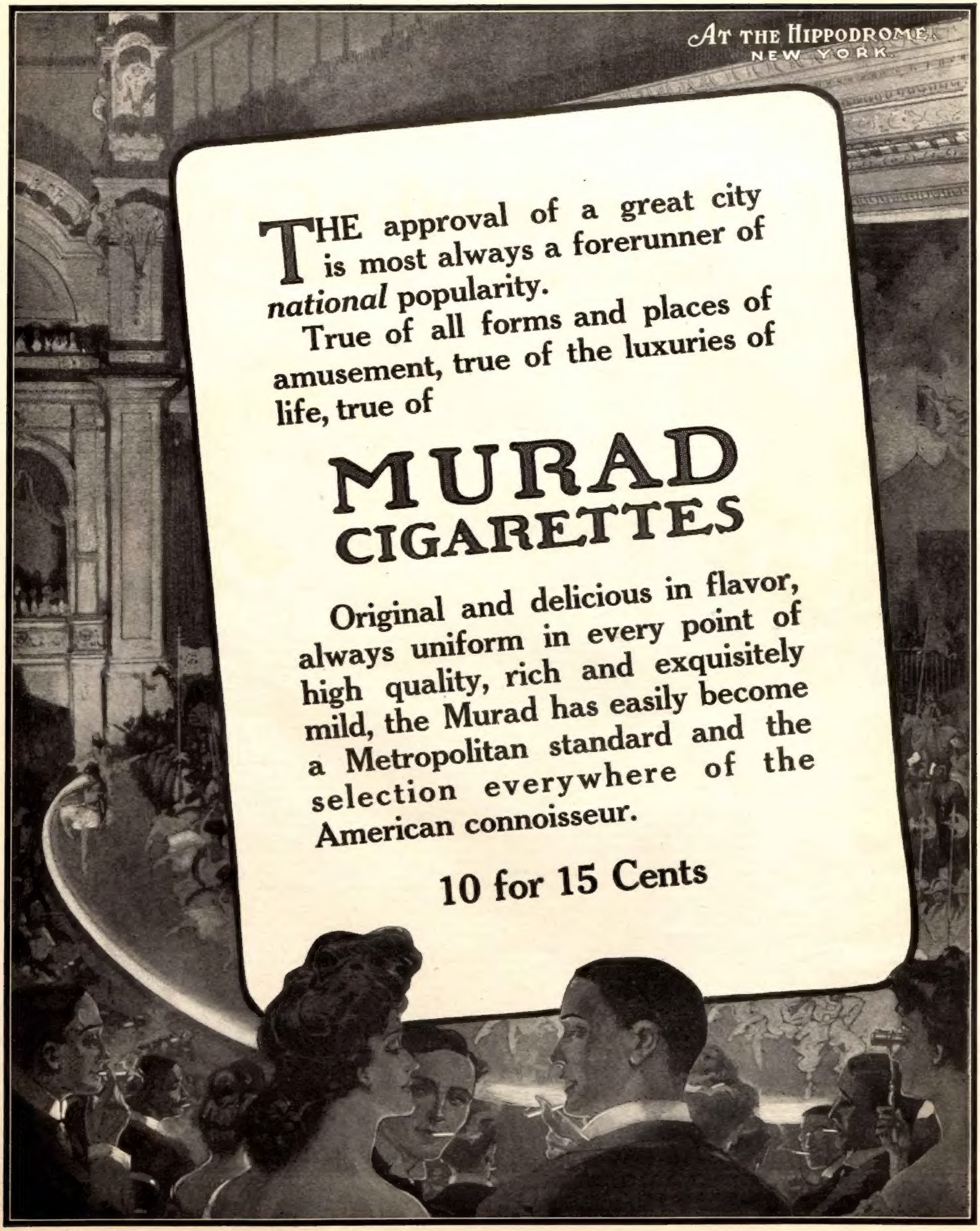
An Illustrated Weekly Magazine
Founded Aº Dº 1728 *by* Benj. Franklin

FEBRUARY 3, 1906 FIVE CENTS THE COPY



THE PACKERS AND THE CATTLEMEN

BY J. OGDEN ARMOUR



THE approval of a great city is most always a forerunner of *national* popularity.

True of all forms and places of amusement, true of the luxuries of life, true of

MURAD
CIGARETTES

Original and delicious in flavor, always uniform in every point of high quality, rich and exquisitely mild, the Murad has easily become a Metropolitan standard and the selection everywhere of the American connoisseur.

10 for 15 Cents

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Copyright, 1906, by THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY in the United States and Great Britain. Founded AºDº 1728 *by* Benj. Franklin Entered at the Philadelphia Post-Office as Second-Class Matter.

Published Weekly at 425 Arch Street by THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY

London: Hastings House, 10, Norfolk Street, Strand, W.C.

Volume 178 PHILADELPHIA, FEBRUARY 3, 1906 Number 32

The Packers and the Cattlemen

By J. Ogden Armour

Copyright, 1906, by The Curtis Publishing Company

DRAWN BY GEORGE GIBBS

RIGHT at the outset of this discussion let me make it clear that no one appreciates more than myself the fact that the cattle industry and the packing industry are inseparable in their fortunes. The one cannot prosper at the expense of the other; their interests are mutual, not to say identical. If the cattleman suffers the packer must suffer with him, and if the cattleman prospers the packer will naturally share in that prosperity. Broadly speaking, the cattlemen understand this quite as well as do the packers. It is a truism to say that without cattle the packer could not do business—beef business. It is equally true that without the packing and dressed-beef establishments the cattle market would be small and unstable compared with what it is to-day. The progressive cattleman will not, I think, question this statement. And the purpose of this article is not to tell the cattlemen that packers have done much for them—to boast of benefits conferred. Far from it. The packers have done only what progressive and enlightened self-interest has dictated, and, for one, I have no inclination to pose in the rôle of a benefactor. The cattlemen would be fully justified in sharply resenting any such attitude. This, I repeat, is entirely remote from my real feeling—quite as remote as any disposition on the part of the cattlemen to assume that they are the benefactors of the packers.

But the sensational magazines have persistently pounded it into the people at large that the cattlemen and the packers are in a perpetual state of warfare; that their interests are antagonistic; that loss or hardship to the cattleman must spell gain and prosperity to the packer; that the packer is a daylight robber whose destiny is to prey upon the cattleman. This malicious misrepresentation of facts and conditions is what demands a plain discussion of the relations between the cattlemen and the packers. The people should know whether the packers are robbing the cattlemen or whether they are pursuing an industry that is really the bottom and backbone of the cattle business. And the packers have a right that the public should understand the situation. Not even the possibility that some cattlemen may misconstrue the purpose of a plain statement of the advantages which the packing industry incidentally affords the cattle business should be longer permitted to stand as a bar against getting at the root of this matter.

Any fair-minded person who takes even a casual survey of the meat business will quickly recognize the fact that it was revolutionized and has been developed to its present immense proportion by the refrigerator car, the modern system of canning meats, and by the scientific utilization of by-products—all of which are the fruits of the packers' ingenuity and enterprise.

One of the results of these elements has been the establishment of a cash market for every kind of cattle, every business day of every year. There are some things which become so firmly established that familiarity with their routine operation has a tendency to cause their acceptance as a matter of course; they are so near and so commonplace to us, so unfailing in their operation, that we come to regard them as existing *by force of Nature*—"by act of God" as the law puts it—that we lose sight of the fact that they were not always so from the beginning of things. This, I think, is about the attitude of the average man toward a cash cattle market which is made possible by the operation of the great packing plants. He does not stop to think that there was a time when a steer might have been shipped to a market and without promptly finding a buyer—when, in fact, car-loads of cattle were shipped to market and could not be sold for cash; when there was no cash market ready to take the shippers' or the drovers' cattle at a going price and give him the money for them right on the call—and without regard to the kind or quality of his offerings.

Look at Chicago, the great central market: 40,000 cattle is not by any means a record day in the matter of receipts. Is it not a marvel that this enormous influx of cattle could be disposed of—and for cash! Is it not a wonder that they did not go begging and simply swamp the buyers? Could this task have been accomplished—or anything like it—had not the great packing houses been here to utilize this monster herd and do it without delay? The official report of the Union Stock Yards and Transit Company of Chicago states that this market handled, in 1905, cattle to the number of 3,410,469 and to the value of $163,941,612; also 380,835 calves valued at $3,865,475. It is true that forty per cent. of the cattle received were shipped out, but the remainder, going mainly to the packers, is so immense that the importance of the packing industry to this central cash market is too apparent to need argument. And remember that every market is a *spot cash* market. Hundreds of millions of dollars are invested by the packers in this industry, which is really a great manufacturing and distributing agent for the cattlemen.

Not only have the packers built up a great central cash market, but they have gone out to meet the cattlemen by establishing subsidiary markets in the heart of the cattle country. These outposts of the packing industry have had their advantages to their owners, but I believe they have carried still greater advantages to the cattlemen.

One of the great advantages of the auxiliary market to the cattleman is the fact that it shortens his haul to market. This not only sometimes means a saving of freight but the avoiding of shrinkage in weight and deterioration in quality. It also means that at the time of sharp demand he can get his cattle into the near market in time to realize the high price where he would not, perhaps, be able to rush them into the distant central market before the extraordinary demand would be satisfied and prices drop back again.

In the big central market there is naturally a larger call for cattle for export and for the fancy trade demanding choice cuts, but it is a fact that all grades bring, in the auxiliary markets, prices as high as they do in the central market.

Another consideration not to be overlooked in this connection is the fact that the subsidiary market has immensely influenced the general production of a better quality of beef by facilitating the feeding or "finishing" of cattle brought in from the ranges. Named in about the order of their establishing the principal subsidiary markets developed by the packers are: Kansas City, South Omaha, East St. Louis, St. Joseph, Sioux City, South St. Paul and Fort Worth. The extension of the packing industry to these points has changed the agricultural map of the States tributary to these auxiliary markets, making them the richest feeding-grounds in the country. The farmers of these regions go into the near-by markets and pick up herds of cattle brought in from the range, take them to their barns and pastures, and subject them to a finishing process which puts them into a much higher class, as beef animals, than that in which they belonged when they left the range.

Also the outpost plants of the packing industry and the markets created and maintained by them have immensely stimulated the breeding of fine high-grade cattle. There is scarcely a locality in the Middle West where the leading farmer has not his herd of fine Herefords, Shorthorns, Aberdeen-Angus or Galloways, and who is not striving to increase his income by *improving the quality of his cattle.* This means the placing of more and more good beef on the market year after year.

Right here is the place in which to note the effect which the auxiliary markets—and the central market, too, for that matter—have upon the growers of corn. The feeding of beef cattle in States tributary to these markets has greatly influenced the cash corn market.

Look at Nebraska, for example, where an immense amount of feeding for the Omaha market is done. In 1905, according to a conservative authority, Nebraska produced 325,000,000 bushels of corn, of which at least half was used for feeding cattle for its great secondary market. Practically the same ratio holds good in Iowa, Kansas and Missouri. If the prop of the feeding business, which rests upon the packing industry, were withdrawn, the corn-producing States would be dealt a blow which would send prices down to the low figures which prevailed before the feeding business was developed by the packing industry—prices so low that they now sound strange and almost unbelievable. The foundation upon which the great cash corn market rests is the feeding of cattle and hogs, and this great branch of modern agriculture is almost wholly dependent upon the packing industry, as that term is understood in its broadest sense. Strike out the business of feeding and the farmer who raises corn would stagger under the weight of an almost hopeless calamity.

The cry of "monopoly" and "combine" is not new—not even in the meat and cattle industry. Not a man would to-day deny that the establishment of the Chicago Union Stock Yards, taking the place of a half-dozen yards scattered all over Chicago, was one of the best things that ever happened to the livestock industry. The Union Stock Yards were opened Christmas Day, 1865. Less than a year later—in November, 1866—the Prairie Farmer of Chicago had scented a "combine," and proceeded to expose it in these words:

"A mischievous combination of buyers and sellers to prevent the producer from learning correct values has destroyed public confidence in great measure.

"There is no disguising of the fact that through the manipulation of a few unprincipled buyers and sellers styling themselves 'the board' the prestige that Chicago has heretofore enjoyed of being the great livestock centre of the great Northwest is fast slipping from her grasp.

"A majority of dealers in the country look upon the great Union Stock Yards as a market where swindlers and livestock shysters 'most do congregate.' A reform is needed. The public demands it, and unless this demand is heeded the combination on the Union Stock Yards will find their occupation gone."

Yet the livestock industry and the Union Stock Yards waxed greater in spite of the "combine," handling 3,410,469 head of cattle worth $163,941,612 in 1905, as against 403,102 head in 1869.

"A Campaign of Slander"

THE sensational periodicals have the advantage of the packers in their campaign of slander. Human nature is such that an attack on an individual or an institution always helps to sell the periodical containing it, but the packers cannot sell their meats by abusing these publications which assail them. These magazines have the further advantage of us in their peculiar character. They are constructed not for the careful, but for the careless reader. They are written and edited with one thought in mind—to produce an effect, to make a point quickly, to leave with the hasty reader an impression that will forward the purpose of the publisher, whether that purpose be political, sociological or commercial. Hence it comes that the writers and editors of these magazines have borrowed from the stage a form of dramatic license, and dress up their literary merchandise to *produce an effect upon the reader*, just as the playwright exaggerates his situations and the actor resorts to the exaggerations of "make-up" to produce an effect. These assailants of the packing industry have not hesitated to deal in half-truths and "cooked-up" evidence, and to distort and juggle plain facts into absolute falsehoods.

One magazine writer, a few months ago, employed a series of cartoons—a diminishing series of pictures of a steer—to show how the price of the cattleman's stock has been crowded down by the "trust" since 1900. He carefully omitted a representation of prices in 1902, when cattle prices were at the highest point ever reached in twenty years. The same writer with much use of black-face type and capital letters set forth that "forty Iowa banks were forced to close their doors" in 1903–04. The statement was so framed as to appear, on hasty reading, as if the Iowa State Auditor's office was authority for the whole statement instead of only that part of it which gave the names of the Iowa banks that had failed within a certain period. When this statement was called to the attention of the Iowa State Auditor's office, Chief Clerk Cox, of the Banking Department, denounced it as utterly untrue, tabulated the list of banks and gave the reasons for each failure, which reasons all came under the head of unwise speculations and reckless banking methods. Another magazine writer recently stated—to bolster up the allegation that the "Beef Trust" forces the railroads to discriminate against others and in favor of the "trust"—that beef, the high-priced product, is shipped at eighteen and a half cents, and cattle, a low-priced product, shipped at twenty-three and a half cents. Movement of livestock and its product, or packing-house products, from the Missouri River points to Chicago is referred to.

Fact and Sophistry

THE above statement, though technically true, is entirely misleading. While some of the railroads publish a local rate of twenty-three and a half cents on livestock from Missouri River to Chicago, less than one per cent. or practically *none* of the business is moved under this rate. Livestock from Missouri River points come in there from the West, and all of such business, when reshipped to Chicago, takes the proportional rate, varying from thirteen to seventeen cents per hundredweight from Missouri River to Chicago, so that, in fact, the livestock is carried at a less rate per hundredweight than the product.

The local rate on the "product" from Missouri River to Chicago is also twenty cents per hundredweight instead of eighteen and a half cents, as stated by the magazine article to which I refer, although the proportional rate on the product from the Missouri River to Chicago on shipments consigned through to Eastern points is eighteen and a half cents. One more incident: About two years ago when known corn conditions foreshadowed very high prices for cattle a Chicago paper printed an analysis of conditions and a forecast of consequences—higher-priced cattle and higher-priced beef—as a part of its regular market report away in the back pages of the paper. That article was written by a *market expert* as a reflection of *market facts*, to be read and judged by *men in the business*, most of whom *knew the facts*. A little later, when the conditions outlined in the market report were commencing to work and prices began to go up, the same paper printed a sensational article *on its first page* relating how the "Beef Trust" was putting up the prices of the poor man's food.

The dressed beef and packing industry is not in the hands of a "monopoly combine," never has been in the hands of such a "combine" and never will be. *It cannot become a "monopoly."*

The business of the packers is not sheltered by tariff nor builded upon patents or secret processes. Their raw material is not to be gathered from the bosom of the earth at no cost beyond the mere expense of extracting it. Armour & Co. do not own or control the sources of their raw material and are not even interested a dollar's worth in the production of raw material, and I do not think any of the packers are so interested to any extent. They do not own or control the transportation avenues over which the raw material comes to market. They do not, or could not if they would, control the means of distribution to the consumer, because this product goes, not to comparatively a few large users, but to each family individually that helps to make up the total of millions on millions of eaters of American meat on this continent and throughout the world. Without control of some, or at least of one, of the commercial instrumentalities mentioned no industry can be monopolized. Consider a further bar against monopolizing it. The kind of food it deals in can be produced, made merchantable, and distributed to the consumer in each State, each county and each township of the entire United States—and many other countries as well. Every farmer cannot find an oil well or a deposit of iron-ore in his back pasture lot, because Nature has planted them only at rare intervals, and he cannot grow sugar beets in every field, because sugar beets require a peculiar character of soil, but every person who owns a little land that is not absolutely barren can engage, to some degree, in meat production, and almost every man who has a knife and a saw can engage in the slaughtering business. In the language of the United States Census report of 1900: "The process of converting livestock into food for human consumption is an industry which, directly and indirectly, furnishes employment to a considerable portion of the United States and sustenance to all."

The industry of the packers is dependent upon supply and demand to a degree that prevails in no other large industry. If it were of less magnitude it might be fittingly called a hand-to-mouth business. It is, broadly speaking, a manufacturing business, and one that in some respects is more hazardous than any other. The general run of manufacturers of any considerable size handle raw materials which are not perishable in the usual sense of the term. Even when their raw materials are perishable they become less so, if not practically imperishable, as soon as passed through the manufacturing process. The packer uses a material that is quite perishable, and a large part of his finished product—fresh meats—is highly perishable; so he is *taking risk at both ends of his business.* He cannot "scalp the market" or "discount the future," take advantage of a temporary market condition and load up with raw material to be manufactured at his leisure and at a great profit; nor can he, when the demand slumps, continue to run his plant and store up finished product against the day of higher prices. The "frozen cuts" of beef furnish the only exception to this statement, and they amount to only about two per cent. of the finished product. And this frozen-cut business is of distinct advantage to the cattleman because it enables the packers to take care of the immense floods of cattle which come in from the ranges in the fall of the year. From day to day, almost literally, his purchases of raw material and his sale of finished product must balance. His profit, if he make any, must come from stopping every leak, saving waste and turning his money over rapidly at a small margin of profit on a large volume of business.

The industry exemplifies the ideal business theory of "quick returns and small profit." It gathers the product of the millions of small producers throughout the Western Empire stretching from the Alleghanies to the Rocky Mountains, converts their product into merchantable commodities and distributes them to the consumers of the whole round world. For the service it performs it is none too well paid in the profit it makes—an average of less than two per cent. on the volume of business handled.

The Packer as an Agent

TO ALL practical purposes, the packer is the agent of the cattleman, handling his cattle, as the official report of Commissioner Garfield says, for an average fee of ninety-nine cents a head. This vast distributing agency is as readily at the command of the man who has a herd of ten or a hundred cattle as the man whose herd numbers a hundred thousand—and on precisely the same terms, too. But in one respect this way of looking at the packer as agent or commission man acting for the cattleman is inadequate—for the packer pays cash every day in the year. He does business strictly upon his own capital and pays "at the drop of the whip."

The character of the packing business, I repeat, and the wide distribution of it preclude making it the property of a monopoly. The business methods, practices and necessities pertaining to it are a further bar against monopoly.

On one side stands the cattle-grower. He has absolute control of his product. He can ship to market to-day if he will, or he can wait a day, a week, a month, in ordinary cases, without much risk.

The packer looks to him for raw material—livestock—and cannot get it until it comes to market.

On the other side stands the retailer of meats. His is a from-day-to-day business. He buys only as the demand tells him to buy. The packer must market his finished product through the retailer. He cannot force or induce him to buy one pound more than he wants to buy. Between

(Continued on Page 24)

MEN & WOMEN

The Commander of the "Cops"

"BY THE nine Gods of War!" is a good, mouth-filling oath, as all will admit. And when to it are added quite a few "dammes" and "dammits" the user must necessarily strike terror into the hearts of those who hear him roar, unless that hearer happens to be a policeman or a reporter. A policeman has no high regard for such "near" profanity, and a reporter calmly makes copy of it, much to the chagrin of the person who exploded thus. For however heroic expletives may sound, man to man, or however useful they may be, they do not look like eighteen-carat conversation when embalmed in type.

Once, when a member of the House of Representatives at Washington was making an ass of himself on the floor with intemperate speech, Judge Culberson, of Texas—father of the present Senator from that State, quaint and unconventional, but very wise—rose and interrupted. Reaching out a supplicating arm he said:

"Don't talk like that, friend; don't talk like that!" He pointed to the press-gallery and continued: "Them printers up there will take it down and print it—that's what them printers will do."

That is what "them printers" did for General Theodore A. Bingham, the new Police Commissioner of New York. They took down the strange oaths with which the General suddenly became full and printed them. New York laughed for a day or two. Then Mayor McClellan put the soft pedal on Bingham, and his conversation since that time has been chaste and, according to his habit, laconic.

People in Washington, where Bingham is best known, grinned when they read his interlarded interviews in the New York papers. They knew exactly why Bingham talked so. One of the best friends he had told Bingham about himself just before he was packed off to Buffalo.

"Bingham," he said, "one thing you have got to learn in your contact with men, and especially reporters, is that the only enlisted men we have in this country wear uniforms. You treat all comers as if they were subordinate to you. Quit it. Get on a level with the people you deal with, and you will get along better."

The advice apparently stuck with Bingham. When he was made Police Commissioner he tried to get on a level, but he selected the wrong level, it would seem. Bingham is a natural dictator. He wants to tell everybody what to do and how to do it. He served in the army in various capacities as an engineer until President McKinley picked him for Superintendent of Public Buildings and Grounds. The Superintendent of Public Buildings and Grounds is a sort of a sublimated janitor, so far as the buildings and grounds go, but he is, also, the majordomo at the White House. He has charge of all public functions. In a way, he tells who shall and who shall not come. He keeps a sharp eye on everything and everybody, and gets his glory by being allowed to call himself Colonel, no matter what his rank may be, and by wearing more bullion on his clothes than any other officer in the service.

President McKinley was not an aggressive man in matters of this kind. He let Bingham have his way, the President thinking it was easier than rowing with him. Bingham developed his job. He made it an imposing affair. He is a fine-looking chap, and he knew how to trick out his uniform to add to his pulchritude. When he appeared in the East Room on a function night he glittered and gleamed in the electric light like a jeweler's window. His word was law. He ruled with a rod of iron. He said what was what, and President McKinley acquiesced, usually, or, when hard put to it, interposed an objection in the pleasant way he had, and managed to convey to Bingham the impression that he meant what he said.

The McKinley days were great days for Bingham. Then came along President Roosevelt, who is somewhat of an aggressive person himself. Bingham miscalculated about Colonel Roosevelt. He thought he could continue to rule. It took President Roosevelt about four minutes to dispossess Bingham's mind of that assumption. After that, until Bingham was transferred, every time the President and the majordomo grated together there were sparks. Also, Miss Isabel Hagner, social secretary for Mrs. Roosevelt, had precepts of her own. She flatly refused to take orders. Thus, Bingham came at last to the insurmountable difficulty and was given other duty—but not until there were encounters that have become historical.

When President Roosevelt induced Congress to make an appropriation for remodeling the White House, Bingham was in his element. He had ideas. The architects had ideas. So did the President and Mrs. Roosevelt. Each was persistent. There was a clash every time there was a discussion. Bingham was worsted, but not until he had made a gallant fight. He held out against the little coop the architects built for an executive office, at the end of the west projection to the White House. He was right, too, for that affair, that looks like a brick barn on a prosperous estate, cost $65,000. Bingham could never see why. Few others can.

They fought and fought. The architects had their way. Then Bingham summed up the improvements, which cost about $750,000, all told, with the remark: "They have spent three-quarters of a million dollars and have added a few cellars and two bedrooms to the White House."

That was not a pretty thing to say about a pet project of the President's.

The struggle with the architects led to his undoing as majordomo and his transfer to Buffalo to complete the work on the breakwater. He made the change from gold lace and ease to rubber boots and hard work without a whimper. He is a good soldier. A derrick fell on him at Buffalo. He was terribly injured. One of his legs was cut off. Then President Roosevelt retired him as a Brigadier-General, with a complimentary order, that showed he appreciated the man's good qualities, and until he was appointed Police Commissioner he spent his time in getting well.

He is a brusque man. He believes in carrying out instructions. Sometimes he anticipates them. Senator Depew was telling a story at a White House reception. There was loud laughter—mainly by Depew. The President looked annoyed. Bingham straightway went over and tapped Senator Depew on the shoulder.

"This disturbance must cease," he said. "It annoys the President."

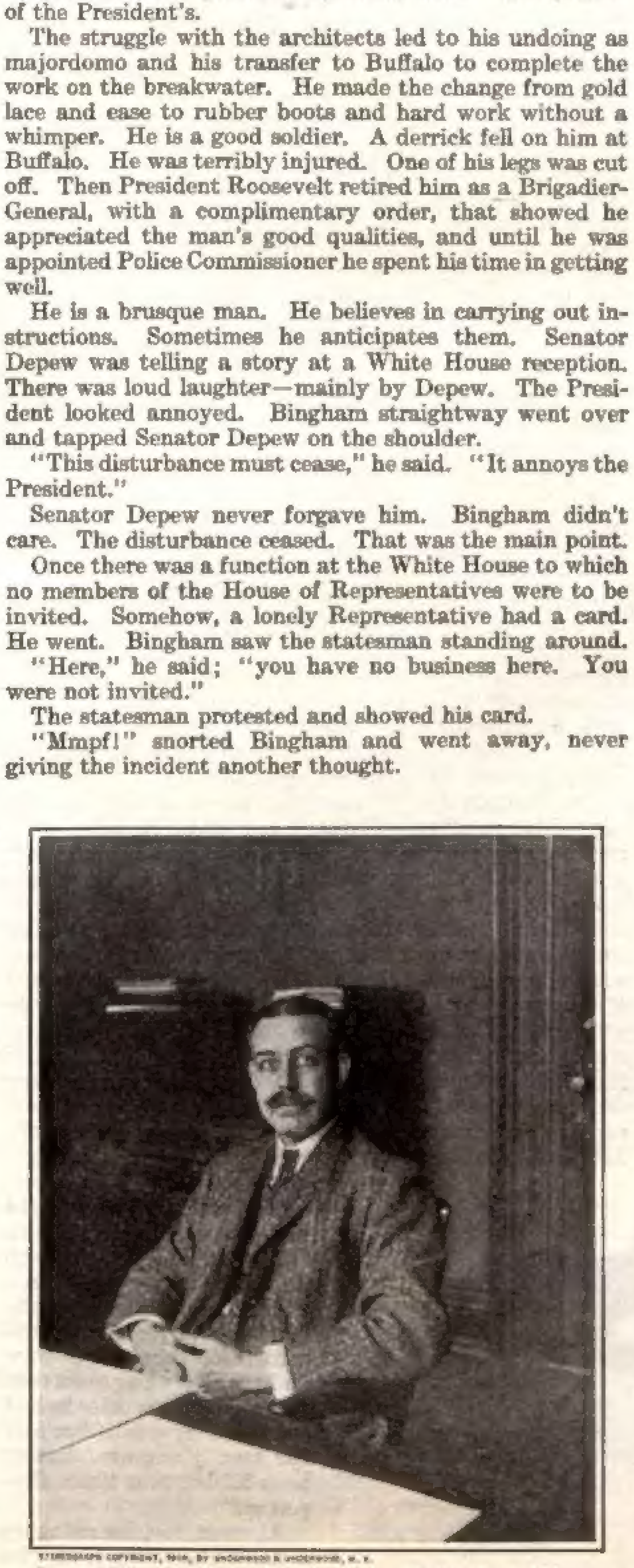
Senator Depew never forgave him. Bingham didn't care. The disturbance ceased. That was the main point.

Once there was a function at the White House to which no members of the House of Representatives were to be invited. Somehow, a lonely Representative had a card. He went. Bingham saw the statesman standing around.

"Here," he said; "you have no business here. You were not invited."

The statesman protested and showed his card.

"Mmpf!" snorted Bingham and went away, never giving the incident another thought.



STEREOGRAPH COPYRIGHT, 1906, BY UNDERWOOD & UNDERWOOD, N. Y.

General T. A. Bingham, New York's New Police Commissioner, Formerly Military Aid to President Roosevelt

There was a diplomatic dinner. Bingham arranged the lists. He fixed it so the Mexican Ambassador was to take out the Baroness Hengelmuller, wife of the Austrian Ambassador. That looked like a good arrangement—to Bingham; but when the Baroness Hengelmuller found who her partner was to be she promptly called for her furs and her carriage, while the Mexican Ambassador stood moodily in the corner, contemplating his finger-nails and wondering what to do. Bingham had forgotten that the ill-fated Maximilian was an archduke of Austria and that the Mexicans shot him. He thought bygones should be bygones, anyhow, but that didn't interest the Baroness Hengelmuller. A quick shift was made. There were no international complications. "All rot," said Bingham.

Bingham elaborated the military-social staff appendage at the White House. There used to be two or three aides to look well in uniforms and keep things moving. Now there are a dozen or more. He put the Washington park police in grass-green Norfolk jackets and William Tell hats. He threw tons of historic furniture into the auction-rooms. He maintained that it was junk—and most of it was. He rubbed all the White House fur the wrong way and, finally, his light was dimmed.

If honesty, courage and absolute fidelity to duty will help make a good Police Commissioner, Bingham will be a good one. He is inclined to be intolerant, lacks tact, has the military idea of implicit obedience and will not be imposed upon. He is a square man. If any New York politician or grafter thinks he can get into Bingham's good books by the usual New York methods he would do well to think twice before he tries. It would hurt to be kicked downstairs by a wooden foot attached to a wooden leg.

The Hall of Fame

¶ Senator John C. Spooner, of Wisconsin, after smoking from ten to twenty cigars a day for forty years, has stopped. "I have had my share of tobacco," he says.

¶ Walter Wellman, the newspaper correspondent who says he will try to get to the North Pole with an airship, broke his leg on one of his dashes to the Pole. He fell into a crevice in the ice and has limped painfully ever since.

¶ Senator Pettus, of Alabama, aged eighty-four years and the oldest man in the Senate, was asked the other day: "What would you do if you had your life to live over again?" He replied: "I'd get out on the middle of a big farm and stay there."

¶ William H. Taft, Secretary of War, is banting. He weighed 314 pounds when he began. The Secretary has revised Tom Reed's famous saying that no gentleman weighs more than 200 pounds to read, "No gentleman weighs more than 300 pounds." He weighs 294 now.

¶ James W. Wadsworth, Jr., who has just been elected Speaker of the New York Assembly, is a hereditary first baseman. His father, James W. Wadsworth, Sr., who represents the Thirty-fourth New York District in Congress, was the crack amateur first baseman of Western New York thirty years ago, and the son played "the initial sack," as the baseball reporters say, for the Yale 'Varsity nine during the four years he was in college.

¶ Speaker Cannon goes to many dinners and is always asked to speak.

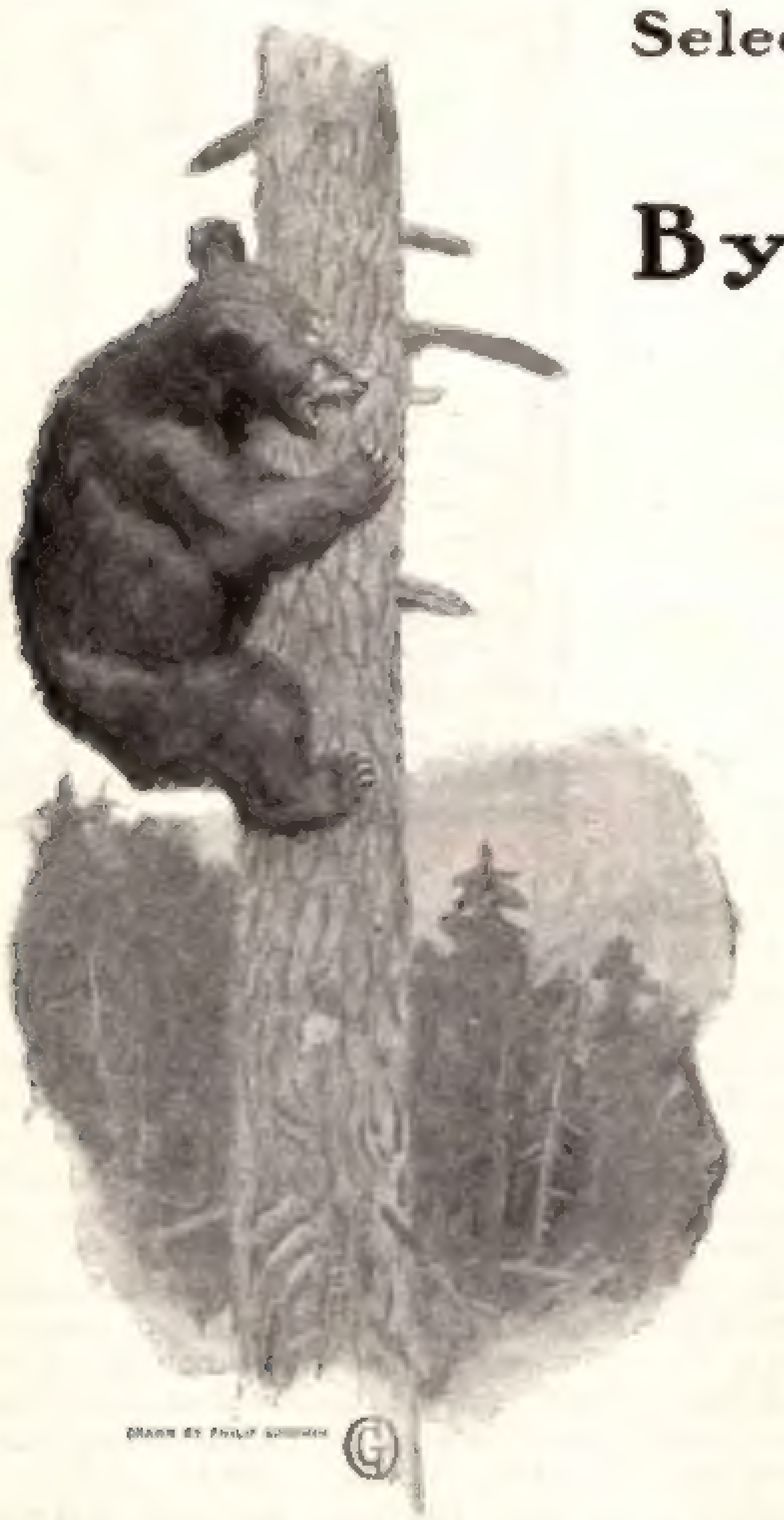
On one of these occasions he grew loquacious and talked and talked and talked.

"Mr. Toastmaster," said a man who wanted to hear those who were to follow Uncle Joe, "I desire to say that I have heard many times of this Cannon as a scientifically rifled, up-to-date, armor-piercing projectile thrower, but, it seems to me, to-night he is only a smooth bore."

HEAP BIG BEAR STORIES

Selected from the Grisly Biography of Baldy McCollum of the Great Smokies

By Arthur E. McFarlane



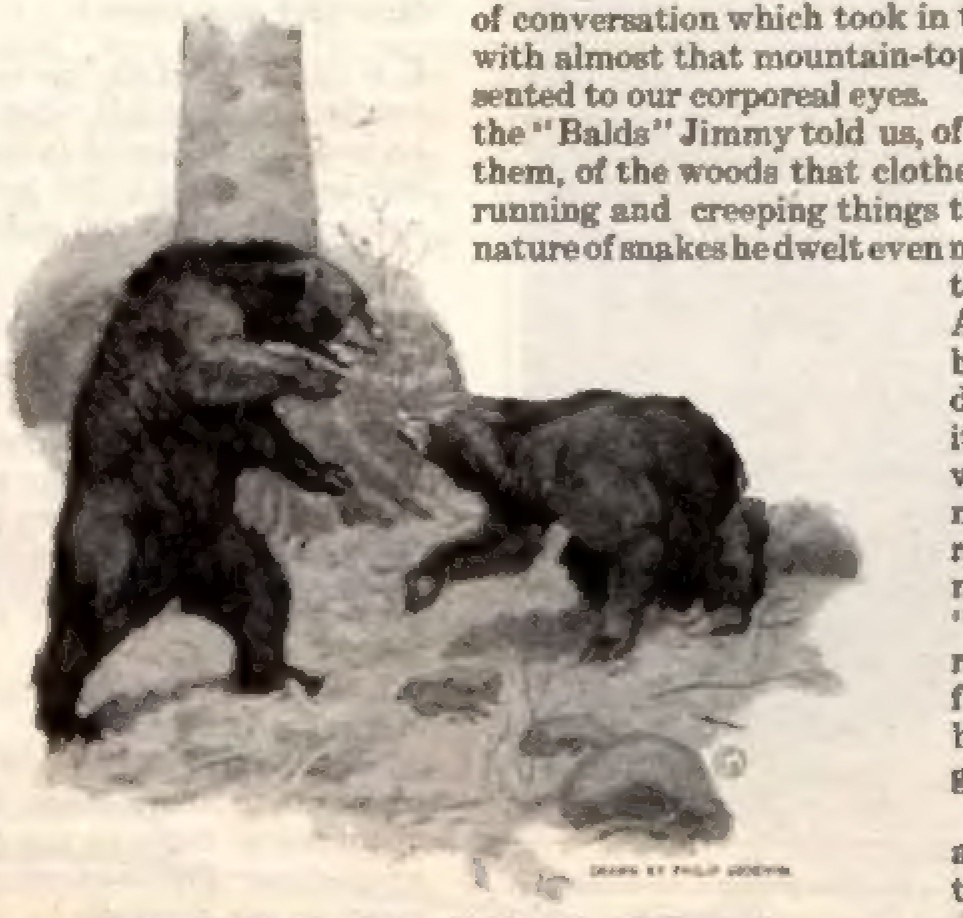
"He Beholds a Wizzened Little Rat of a B'ar Not Much Bigger'n a Bob-Cat *Climb* that Tree an' Bite His Mark"

IT WAS our host who aroused us. In the chill half-light which precedes dawn he was leaning over us to stir up what red coals remained. We rolled out of our blankets, washed in the spring basin at the foot of the hill, and when we mounted to the cabin again found breakfast all but ready.

We happened to mention the fact that the remainder of our pilgrimage would be to the present abiding-places of some of the ancient but departing generation of Great Smoky bear-hunters. One "Baldy" McCollum we had heard of as mighty among them, and him did we purpose to seek out the first.

It was well we spoke, and for two reasons. Immediately, that charming destroyer of rattlesnakes, Captain Jimmy, made it known that he was going in the direction of McCollum's Cove himself, and he would be glad to "'company us" upon the way. In the second place, as Doctor Job impressively informed us, whatever Baldy's individual merits might be, he possessed a spouse, Aunt Georgina McCollum, who was well worth *any* man's meeting. For, while still a young woman, she had discovered one of those "great underlyin' truths of scientific knowledge" in which our host—even more a doctor of philosophy than of physic—took so profound a delight.

"In every creature, human or animal," he explained, "there's somethin' that gets gradu'lly more tetchy and dangerous the longer that creature goes onfed. In the rattler it's his pizen. Make him fast for three months, and Jimmy here, himself, wouldn't want to handle one. In man it's the juice of the cantankerum. The cantankerum (it's from it we get the word cantankerous) is situated jest between the gizzard and the gall-bladder. And it's one of the most mystairious parts of the human organism. No dissectin' doctor has ever seen it yet—and for good reasons: there ain't rully nothin' to see! The cantankerum is jest a sort of innard hot spring, and is prezactly like one of them hot springs up on the Ridge. It's continu'lly a-boilin' up, and then a-boilin' down again. What onl'arned people call temper is semply hot cantankerum juice, that for some reason or t'other's boiled over and got a-circulatin' through the body. And it's only keepin' the stummick full that prevents the cantankerum from boilin' over all the time; in proportion as the stummick gets empty so does the cantankerum get more and more threatenin'. Put somethin' into it, and jest like them other hot springs, down it goes again, and no harm done!



"Turn He Has To, Fair a-Slobberin' with Tarrer"

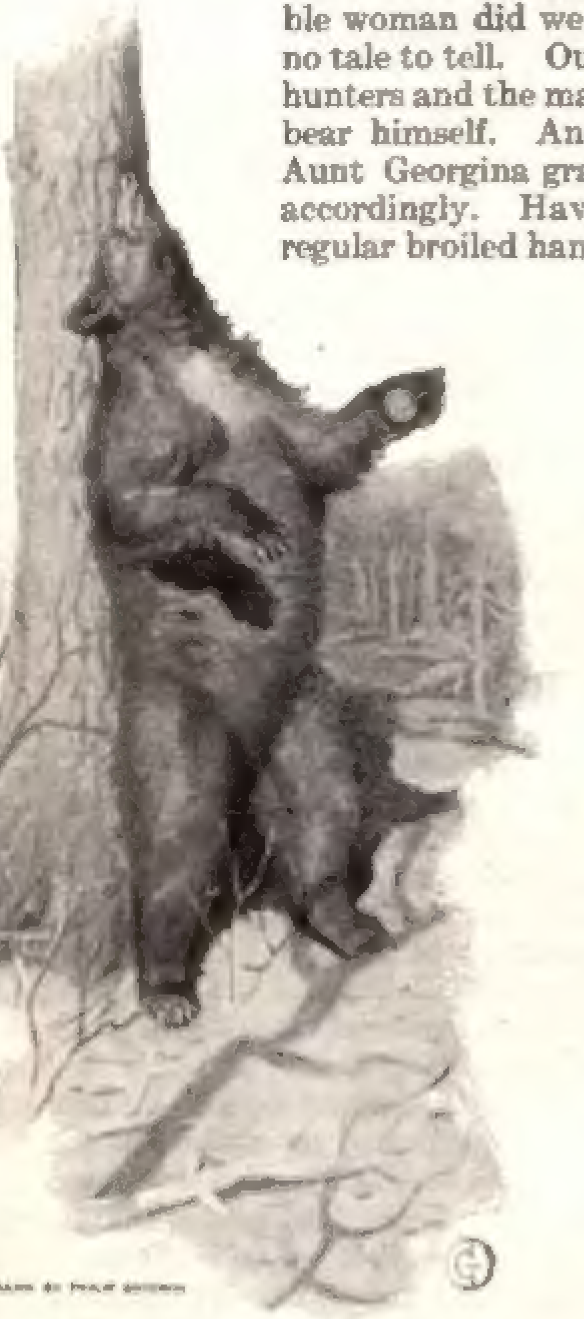
"Well, from the time Jake McCollum—he didn't get to be 'Baldy' till afterward—and Aunt Georgina were married, everybody observed that they never had no contentions. There didn't seem to be no explanation for it, but so it was. I'll swear they were worse, that-a-way, than two Quakers! And one day, after y'ars of puzzlin', when I was takin' Jake up some snake-oil for his rheumatics, I out and asked his woman how it was. Her answer was a semple one, but one I'll never forget. She'd got Jake to promise from the start-off that whenever they had anything to contend about they'd leave that contention till after the next meal. And what was the result? Why, naterally, after the next meal both their cantankerums 'd be deader'n salt licks, and it wasn't in their *power* to get up a contention, no matter how much they might 'a' wanted to! And she'd chanced on to that, woman as she was, and likely enough never even knowin' that she had a cantankerum at all!"

We bade our philosopher farewell with regrets which were certainly not simulated, and, led by Captain Jimmy, we ascended the nearest spur and began to follow the rolling cerebral ridge of the divide. It should have been rugged, but the flails of wind and sleet and hail had beaten it so smooth that for miles one might have run an auto along the crest—if you could ever have got an auto up through those shaggy "bottoms." Indeed, save for an occasional dwarfed and humpbacked oak, you might have run six autos abreast.

Yet Captain Jimmy kept just ahead of us. And he carried his weathered Harper's gun under his arm, stock slanting down before and barrel slanting up behind, until my friend, having removed his mouth from its muzzle some five or seven times, threatened to bite it off, silver sight and all, if its bearer did not at once slacken up and go companionably abeam of us. Apparently he was only waiting to be commanded. And thereafter we had a season of conversation which took in the whole expanse of Nature with almost that mountain-top breadth of vision now presented to our corporeal eyes. Of the essential character of the "Balds" Jimmy told us, of the rivers that run between them, of the woods that clothe them, and of all the flying, running and creeping things that in them are. Upon the nature of snakes he dwelt even more intimately and feelingly than he had the night before. And then, lest we should begin to place our feet with diffidence—February though it was—he gave us his solemn word that all stories of the number and ferocity of the rattlers of those parts were malignantly exaggerated. "As a young whipster he had run them same hills bar'foot for two y'ars, and hadn't been bit but four times altogether."

At noon, too, by swinging a half-mile down from the trail, he was able to take us to dinner with a hoary-headed but sprightly old slayer of bears whom we had never heard of at all—"Little Bud" Tivey. And after we had eaten, Little Bud in his turn joined the party and "'company'd" us to the abode of Baldy McCollum and Aunt Georgina, his wife.

Baldy was a sturdily-built old mountaineer upon whose head the snows of winters many may have fallen; but for the last thirty years at least they undoubtedly could have found no footing there. From that gleaming summit they had slipped perforce, and formed a double glacier in his beard. "Baldy" did Jimmy call him, and his baldness was so phenomenally complete that plainly he took no little pride in it. For the rest he was somewhat shy, and much inclined to defer to the opinion of his spouse.



"Hunchin' Up as High as He Can Stretch, and Bites Out His Mark"

Of Aunt Georgina—and rare and admirable woman did we find her—we have here no tale to tell. Our business was with bear-hunters and the manners and customs of the bear himself. And, moreover, as soon as Aunt Georgina grasped this fact she acted accordingly. Having put on the table the regular broiled ham and baked potatoes, she sliced us up, by way of *entrée*, a smoky length of something which we at first took to be jerked beef. But, after tasting, there was no mistaking it. The gamy flavor, however, was permeated by a more than mallard-like fishiness. Old Baldy explained that the bear which had supplied that particular tenderloin had been feeding on black gum berries. But whether or not the black gum itself feeds on fish we could not discover.

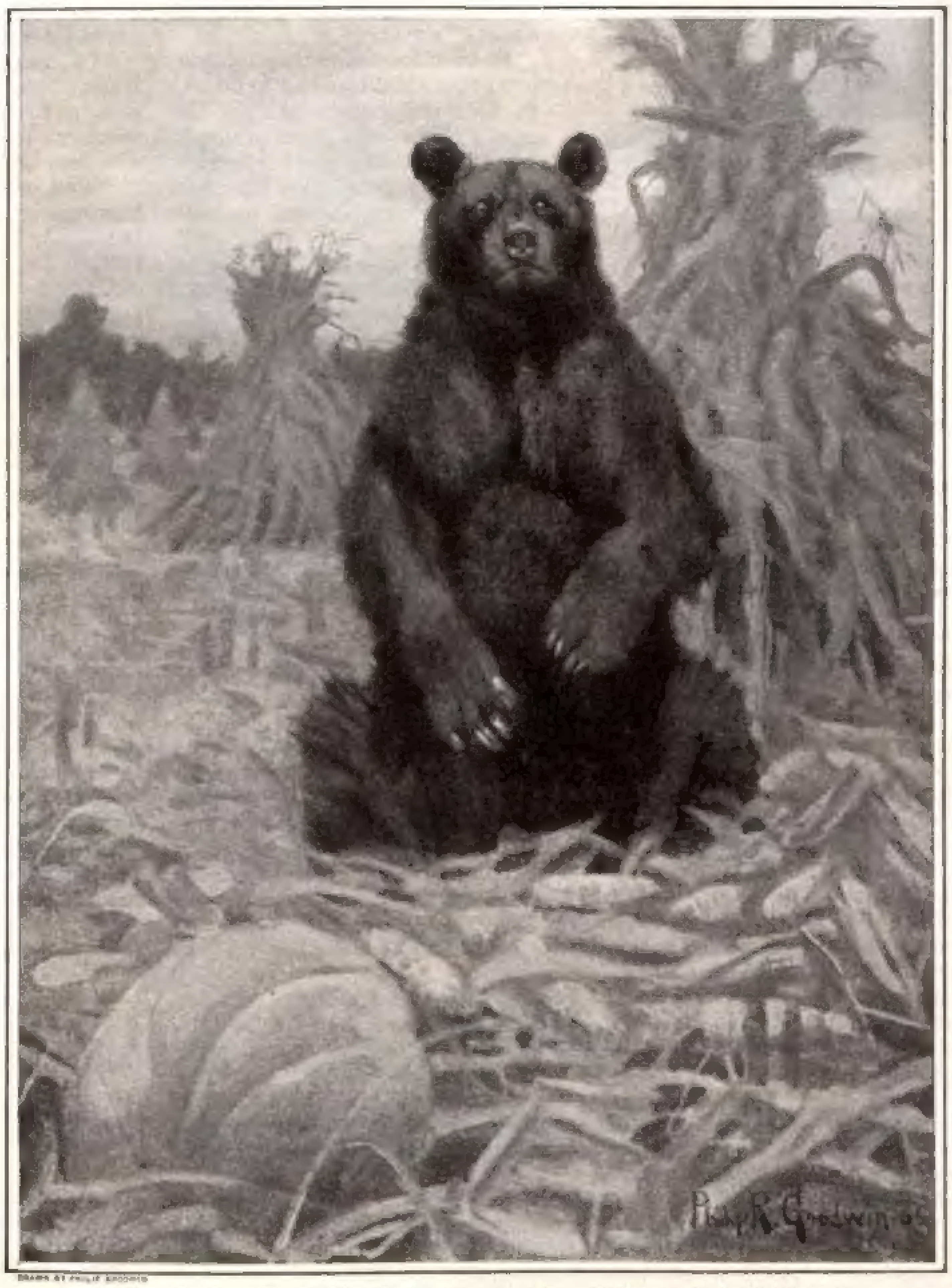
When we had finished Aunt Georgina again acted with discretion. She reckoned "that a wife's bein' by never helped a man in his freedom to yarn; besides which, we'd all be consider'ble more at ease a-smokin' in the gun-cabin." And down the hill to it, through a gray flurry of snow, Baldy presently conveyed us.

The "gun-cabin" was the tiniest and solidest of single-room lodges—from trough roof to puncheon floor hewn and jointed together entirely by the broadaxe. Filling almost one whole side of it was the fireplace, into which Baldy was soon heaping the logs. There were no great number of hunting trophies about the room, for Mr. McCollum had never been one of your weak-minded amateurs. He had killed his bears to eat their meat and sell their hides and tallow; and any other aspect of his profession could only be vain show and ostentation. The one big black peltry which stretched its paws up to the hearthstones was a "spring hide"—that is, all but the "wire hair" had been shed. And upon it to boot there were almost a dozen "scald spots," which alone would have cut its value on the market down to the price of calfskin. We resolved to ask Baldy about that peltry later.

In the mean time, on the rack above the chimney hung his three honored guns. When we could draw the two great chestnut benches up to the blaze, Captain Jimmy reached for those weighty weapons with their five-foot barrels, and began to compare them with our most modern of "take-down" shotguns.

We soon had it from Baldy, though, that he'd never cared much for a gun, anyhow. He'd always carried one, but had only used it when he couldn't help himself. For it was like this: In the course of *his* life, at least, he had never found that powder and ball could be come by for nothing, while the wear and tear on steel needn't be counted. When, too, he had been compelled to use his gun, he had always dug out the lead after the encounter was over and had it for the mould again. A little of it, however, he had turned to another purpose, and he produced his hunting-knife. It had been hand-forged from an old file—for which reason its steel needed no Sheffield trade-mark. And the pigskin sheath he drew it from was "clenched" together with hand-made rivets of lead recovered from the slaughtered. Lead was as much superior to copper for "revets" of this kind, in Baldy's opinion, as the knife was to the gun in making the kill.

"The thing is jest a matter of usin' the knife in the right way," he enlarged. "You do your drivin' with dogs. The dogs, if they're the true streak of dog, will hold the b'ar's attention. And when he's on all fours, and they've got all the attention he has to give, you lean over him and strike him from the furder side. That's the one and on'y thing to keep in mind: strike him from the furder side. For the b'ar, he always strikes at where he's struck from. And no man wants to be thar, when he does hit out. In course, you may get ketched to a *sartin* extent. You'll lose a *leetle* skin nigh every time. If he reaches your head, you'll mebbe lose some ha'r. But what use was ever ha'r to a man, anyways? And you'll lose some flesh, too, now and again—but your skin an' flesh, they never costed ye anything, an' powder *does.* What's more, all ye got to do is to give 'em time and they'll grow on again, good as ever. In fact, the more your skin an' flesh gets used to bein' loosened up, the quicker they'll repa'r themselves." He did not say so, but one could easily see that Baldy, for his own part, believed himself capable, like the lobster, of renewing an entire claw.



Drawn by Philip Goodwin

"When the Dogs Bayed Him, He Jest Set Back for a Minute Starin' with Disgust"

The tribe of bears have almost vanished from the Great Smokies, and with them have fairly died out that famous breed of "Plott" dogs, which, even more than the biped hunters with guns and knives, have harried them into the ursine hereafter. The one old "Plott" still remaining to Baldy was now down in the next cove at his son's; and his owner confessed that he would probably never climb the spur again. Yet, in general, our host and "Little Bud" and Captain Jimmy spoke of bears and "Plotts" as if they still existed a-plenty in the mountains, and as if they themselves were hunting them in the present, and not in the past.

"I've always liked the knife, too," said Bud wistfully; "but I couldn't tell ye when I've had a chance to use it. Seems like every b'ar *I* drive is either a young feller that takes to a tree, or else a big old he that aims straight for a brier brake, and then when he's got the dogs wrought up out of all sense *an'* knowledge, backs again' a tree an' handles 'em with every claw an' tush he's got! When a b'ar is settin' up like that, use your knife if you want to, but *I*'d ruther tickle him to death with a peacock feather. And your dogs—why, he jest gethers them in with his upper paws and t'ars them to festoons with his lowers. Some people'll tell you-all that a b'ar squeezes to death. Mebbe so, if he's got all the time he wants for doin' it in. But if you're hurryin' him he finds his rippers a heap sight quicker way."

"There's no one to deny it," said Baldy. "And look at the 'tarnal quick way the rascals'll l'arn, when fightin' on their four hands, which one of your dogs to take hold of with the jaws. They know they can't get any grip on a fat-backed dog; they don't get anything but the slack of his pelt. And so, if you've got one lean dog in the pack, it's him they'll grab for with the tushes every time!"

"Sartin to say," confirmed Bud, "and b'ars ain't anywise a-skurred of dogs. If they run from them it's only a part of their fightin' scheme. I mind rousin' a b'ar once in a co'n and punkin patch over by Nantahala. B'ars are fonder of roastin' y'ars than niggers are of chewin'; and as for punkins, you'd think they had a fireplace back where they keep, all ready to cook 'em into pies. Well, when the dogs, and me with them, come on this b'ar, he had a big punkin by him, and a whole heap of half-shuck'd co'n. And when the dogs bayed him, he jest set back for a minute starin' with disgust, and then let one long, snortin' snarl out of him, as much as to say: 'Well, burnin' buttonwoods, if that ain't jest my luck every time!' But he took time to get that punkin between his paw an' stummick, and more'n a dozen y'ars under t'other arm. And only then did he begin to run, slidin' along on his hindfeet like a man on snow-shoes, makin' clever good time, too. When a dog nipped him he didn't seem to care—he was a powerful fat old codger, anyhow—but when he dropped a y'ar of co'n he'd come out with a line of cussin' to skur creation. And in the end he got cl'ar away from me—dove into a brake, went through a place that you'd 'a' sworn was hog-tight, and was across the river before we could fight through after him. He lost his punkin, though; and I 'low I'd 'a' paid for it if he'd ketched me alone any time that fall!"

"An old he like that's always tarrible self-seekin'," said Baldy, laboriously putting another great chunk of butternut on the fire; "and the best proof of that is the way they'll stake a claim bigger'n any b'ar ever needs, and then hold it again' all comers that are littler'n they be. How do they stake a claim? Why, mighty easy and semple. When a b'ar finds a bottom that's full of berries and promises lots of persimmons later on, and then grapes, and beech and chestnuts, and sweet acorn mast in *their* season, he says to himself: 'I reckon right here I set up *my* Ebenezer!' So he goes to one end of that bottom, and then to the other, and then stops in the middle, and at each haltin' place he chooses out a young pine, and stands with his back again' it, and hunchin' up as high as he can stretch, twists his head around and bites out his mark. And that mark don't only mean, 'I got h'ar first.' It likewise means, 'And this is the size I am'—which is an almighty sight more. Every other b'ar that comes that way, he smells his like, and hunts up his mark, and then measures to it. And if his bite is below the notch he gits out. It may be that, lesser in height though he is, he can whip the feller that got in ahead of him. But, as the Injuns 'arly l'arned, a b'ar is a tarrible wise animal, and he thinks it's a lot safer to go by gineral averages.

"They can't *always* tell, though. My Uncle Damon Brice, he used to tell about a big b'ar that come into a bottom over Paint Rock way. And he hadn't set his mark there three days before one mornin' when he goes down to inspect it he finds a mark about two inches higher than his is. So out he gits, though he hates to, sore, and 'stablishes over on Eagle. He's there jest two days, when, jinks, a-comin' home at night podded out with blackberries, he passes his middle mark, and it's over-bid by a handbreadth! Out he gits again. 'But shore,' he sw'ars, 'it do seem like I've got the fortun' of Billy Finn, this y'ar!' And over he packs to Turkey Cove.

"By the time he 'stablishes in Turkey he's done some thinkin'. And he s'arches out a pine where there's a bit of old log a-nigh it, and he rolls that log up to the pine and stands on it, and puts his mark a foot higher than ever it was afore. Which havin' done he rolls the log down the hill so nobody'll git any wrongful suspicions. 'Squealin' shoats!' he says, hee-hawin' n'ar to snap his head off, 'I guess *that*'ll bring him up a-standin'! What a b'ar needs nowadays is foxiness!' And next day noon, jest to pleasure himself, he goes back to take another look at it. Well, sir, if there wa'n't a mark blazed a foot higher than his again, nor any log anywhar's near that could 'a' done it, either!

"A big b'ar may go six foot from nose to tail; and when he's on his hinders full height he may go eight. But when it comes to a b'ar that can bite his mark *ten* foot up, that's sartinly more than human! 'The sight of him may skur me dead,' says this here old he, as he sot thar; 'I reckon on'y to see him I'll lose the power of hands an' laigs together. But with harnts of tarrer like him around, it couldn't be any pleasure to keep on livin', anyhow. So see him I'm a-goin' to!'

"And thar'fore, when he goes over to Wild Man's, and uses a log to help him measure up thar, too, he slides into the n'arest scrub and lays him down to watch.

"What did he see? He'd b'en thar about three hours when he beholds a wizzened little rat of a b'ar not much bigger'n a bob-cat come snoopin' along, set down for a time jest to hold hisself an' laugh, and then *climb* that tree an' bite his mark. And that old he in the scrub, if the sight didn't skur him dead, it did shore lose him the power of hands and laigs. He couldn't do no more than bat his eyes an' swaller till that little cuss, windin' his danger, took one jump into the air and burned a trail right over into Tennessee! My Uncle Damon, he allowed it was some old family gredge the little feller was payin' up. Uncle Damon, he come from Tennessee, too."

"Few hunters has *seen* b'ars bite their marks," Little Bud presently took it up again; "but *I*'ve a-seen it, and under sarcumstances oncommon to relate, at that. I wa'n't huntin'; it was too 'arly in the y'ar for it. I was jest a-vagrantin' around after bee-trees. And this time I'd got one over on Turkey, nigh to Niel McQueen's, so I stopped in at his still and got me a gallon o' bummins. I had two piggins of honey with me on a shoulder yoke, and I left one of 'em with Niel, as much to make room for my bottle as by way of payment. So balanced, I was crossin' the Gap for home when I ketched sight of a b'ar. And that b'ar began immedgit to foller me.

"Now, no b'ar goes after a man without cause. And I knowed well enough what was the cause with me, too. It was that honey. But I'd worked hard enough to git it out, and it loathed me to think of drappin' it. So I started on the double. On the double he follered after me, slopin' along flat-footed, his head loblollyin' pendulum-like from side to side, but gittin' n'arer me every minute. Half-way up the Ridge I had to stop for breath. Bein' a b'ar, he stopped, too, and set back on his haunches to eye me. Accordin' to his natur' he was lookin' out for snares and deadfalls.

"Over the shoulder of the Ridge I had to stop again, my chest feelin' like a plugged bellers. Mr. B'ar, he stops, too, and this time within thirty yard' of me.

"I saw then that it wa'n't any use. But, thinks I, if I've got to lose this honey, my pokeys, but I'll give ye a new taste with it! So next time I had to stop I slammed down the piggin, out with the cork of the bummins' bottle, poured nigh three pints of the straight co'n over the comb and mushed it well up together with my hand while he stood a-gawpin'. Then I took to the n'arest tree.

"He didn't like that bummins at all. It burned him all the way down, and made him mad at every swaller. But he relished the honey so, he jest had to keep comin' back to it till he'd finished the last lick. And, no need to say, the bummins went with it. Then, his throat feelin' as if he'd dined on brier and topped off with nettles, he 'lowed to settle that part of it with me.

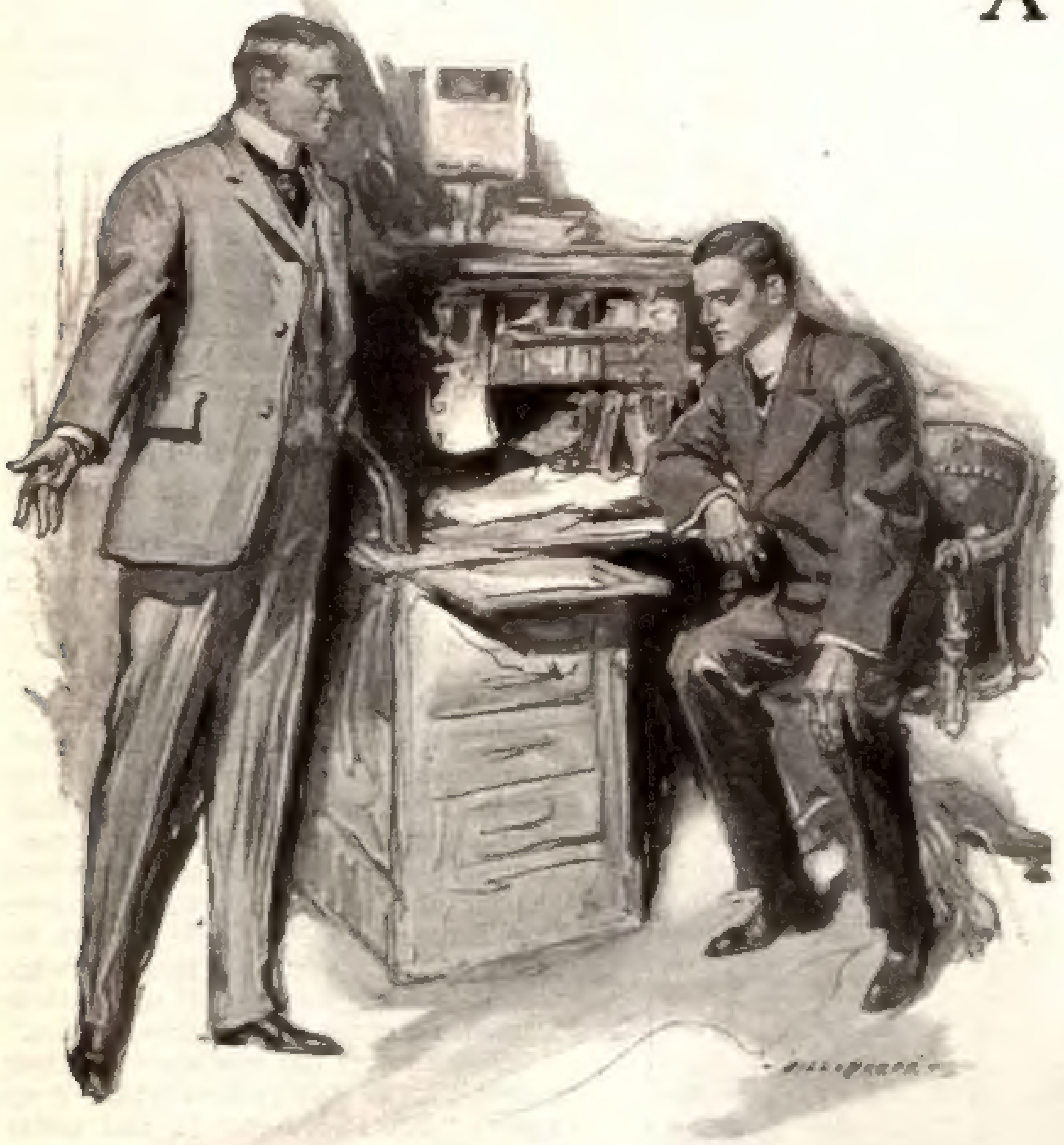
"But, by then, he couldn't climb. No, sir, he'd get his *fore* hooks in and h'ist up on them. But while he'd be a-tellin' hisself, 'Now I shove in the *hind* ones,' he'd pull out them upper claws to look down. And then over he'd *go*, a-summersettin' backwards. After three or four disap'intments like that, he took one vicious, ugly look at me,

(Concluded on Page 20)

AN EMOTIONAL FINANCIER

A Story of the Woman at the Helm

BY ELLIOTT FLOWER



"Marry Her," Said Travers. "That's the Only Way"

A MERE girl came into virtual control of the Barnett Corset Company when Cyrus Barnett was suddenly called to his last accounting. It was not so understood by the warring factions at first, for Cyrus left a widow as well as a daughter, but the widow referred all business matters to the girl.

"I don't know anything about it," she said, "but Helen is a very capable girl. Her father was anxious that she should understand business matters, and I guess she does. Anyhow, you'll have to see her."

Even to the lawyer who was settling the estate she spoke thus, when he advised that certain things be done. All legal matters were left unreservedly to him, but the future of the corset company rested upon the judgment of a girl who knew a great deal more about the adjustment of corsets than she did about the adjustment of business disputes.

As a matter of fact, it was very inconsiderate of Cyrus Barnett to die when he did. He had organized the company and made it reasonably prosperous. He was the only one of the principal stockholders who had any practical knowledge of the business; the others might be all right on finance, but their knowledge of corsets, both as to manufacture and use, was entirely theoretical. Yet certain of these stockholders had recently proposed a radical move, and had been so annoying as to fight for it.

Barnett had been conservative. He had built up the business on conservative lines, and he could see no reason for departing from the policy that had been successful in the past. Furthermore, he took much personal pride in the company that bore his name. What more natural, then, than that he should bitterly oppose a movement to consolidate it with another and larger company? It would lose its identity and he would lose his importance. Besides, the other company had recently passed to the control of what Cyrus had designated "a splurging crowd," and he had no confidence in them or their methods; they were too dashing and daring to be safe.

So Cyrus had fought consistently for conservatism and individuality, and he had been successful up to the time of his sudden death. But the radical element had been gaining strength. The last consolidation proposition had looked inviting to some of the conservatives, and the Barnett stock and influence had been absolutely essential to the preservation of the old policy. Without that, the factions were of nearly equal strength. Although Barnett had led the fight for the conservatives, the policy he advocated had been far from being his alone.

The radicals were not slow to see and act upon the opportunity. They sounded Reeves, the family lawyer. He was progressive and was disposed to think the proposed consolidation might be a good thing. If, as was probable, he was asked to represent the widow in the affairs of the company, he would certainly give the project most serious consideration. The fact that the company was now deprived of the services of Barnett might make this especially desirable. He would take the matter up with the widow as soon as practicable.

But Reeves was not asked to represent the family in this matter. On the contrary, when he hinted at the necessity of having some representation in the affairs of the company he was referred to Helen.

"What's the annoying thing all about?" she asked.

He tried to explain the situation.

"I thought all we had to do was to hold the stock and take the money," she said, from which it will be seen that her father had not been very successful in his effort to make her understand business matters.

"Well, not exactly," Reeves returned. "You see, you own about a quarter of all the stock, and there's a row on. The future policy of the company will depend upon the position you take."

"Isn't that lovely!" she exclaimed. "I never was of so much importance before."

"You can give your proxy to some one," he suggested.

"But I don't want to," she replied. "I want to understand all about it myself. Papa was always anxious to have me know something about business, and mamma would be so much better satisfied if she knew that I was looking after things myself."

Her unreasonable attitude was at once communicated to Alvin Holcomb of the radicals, and word of it also reached the conservatives. Thereupon each side made all haste to explain to her the merits of its position.

Holcomb called in person to see her.

"The death of your father," he explained, "deprived the company of its president and also left a vacancy in the board of directors. There was a matter of very great importance under consideration, and we have naturally delayed action upon it until his place in the directorate can be filled. Personally, I had great admiration for your father and deep respect for his judgment, but I believe he was misled in this matter, and I think he was beginning to realize it himself."

"Nobody could mislead papa," she declared.

"Not for long," he conceded, "and, had he lived, he would have been with us in the matter of consolidating this plant with that of the Graham Company."

"He would have been, but he wasn't," said the girl shrewdly. "Well, I guess papa didn't make many mistakes, and it would look rather strange for his daughter to go against his policy."

"Oh, I wouldn't ask you to do that!" Holcomb hastened to assure her. "But conditions are constantly changing, and you will have to leave many business matters to those in whom you have confidence."

"Why?" she asked.

"Why!" he repeated, disconcerted. "Why—why, it's customary. I was going to suggest that you let Mr. Reeves represent you in the matter. You don't want to be on the board of directors yourself, do you?"

"Wouldn't that be lovely!" she cried delightedly. "Oh, yes, I want to be a director!"

"Impossible!" he exclaimed unwisely, for she was instantly resentful.

"Why?" she demanded. Those "Whys" of hers were decidedly troublesome.

"Oh, I don't mean that," he explained conciliatorily, "but you won't want to do anything of that sort when you understand the matter. You would find the duties rather exacting and disagreeable."

"Oh, I guess the other side will be glad enough to have me if you don't want me!" she retorted.

Now, Holcomb did not want her on the directorate. She did not impress him at all favorably as a business proposition. Personally delightful she might be, but rational and reasoning she certainly was not. Then, too, her faith in her father's wisdom promised to put her on the wrong side of the present controversy. At the same time, he could not afford to antagonize her: he could only smile and assure her that his momentary objection had been inspired solely by consideration for her.

Holcomb might have been somewhat reassured in one respect if he could have overheard the conversation she had later with Galvin of the conservatives. Galvin was telling her about her father's policy: how he had always stood for conservatism, and had consistently fought the radical innovations of the modern meteoric crowd.

"Yes," she said, "poor papa was rather slow—a little behind the times in some ways, probably."

"But he was unquestionably right in this matter," urged Galvin.

"Oh, papa always thought he was right," returned Helen; "but sometimes I found him very old-fogyish in his ideas as to what it was proper for girls to do. Still, he did want me to know something about business. What do directors have to do?"

"Well, one of the first duties of our board will be to elect a successor to your father as a president, and we are anxious to name one that will carry out his policy."

"My, but wouldn't it be fun to be president!" cried the girl.

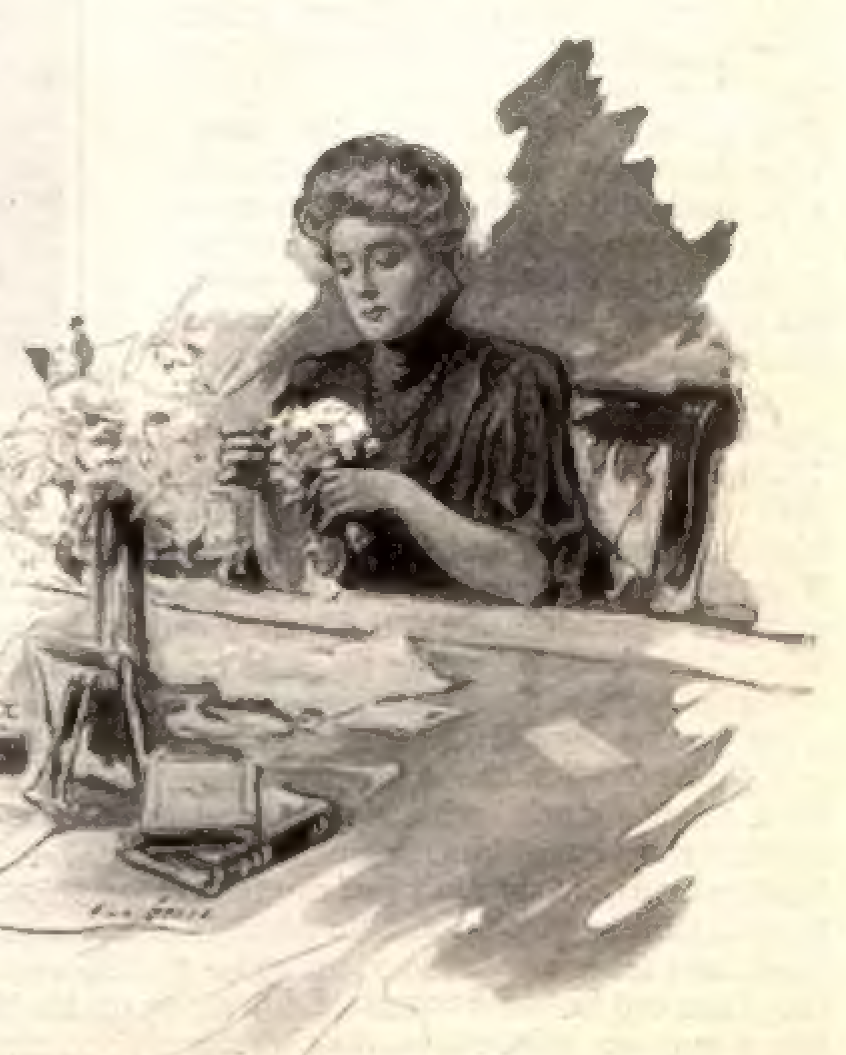
"What!" the startled Galvin almost shouted.

"Oh, I guess the other side would be mighty glad to make me president," declared the girl, again resentful. "I'm going to be a director, anyhow."

Galvin had no more use for her as a director than Holcomb had, but he had the same need of her good will, and he trusted to luck to give her some new vagary before it became necessary to act. That there might be time for this, the warring factions got close enough together to postpone action. Then, to help the matter along, Galvin went to see Mrs. Barnett again. So did Holcomb, and likewise Reeves. They explained, each in turn, how very unpleasant the exactions of business would be to such a girl as Helen.

"Don't come to me," pleaded Mrs. Barnett. "I don't know anything about it. I never did understand business. But Helen is a good, bright girl, and I don't see why she shouldn't be a director if she wants to be one. Let the girl enjoy herself. Some of the stock was left to her, and I'm sure she can do what she pleases with mine."

And, as Helen continued insistent, she became a director. Neither side wanted her, but she absolutely held the balance of power. If either faction opposed her, it would give the other the opportunity of making her its director, and she unquestionably would be with the favoring side in the settlement of the question upon which they were divided. In consequence, she was accepted by both.



"They Say There's no Sentiment in Business, but I Find Two Nice Bouquets on My Desk Every Morning"

Then came the question of the presidency. Davis, the vice-president and manager, had been acting-president, so far as was necessary, since the death of Barnett, but he had had authority only in matters of ordinary routine. Holcomb wanted to be president himself. Galvin thought that John Hastings was the right man for the place, Hastings being one of the directors allied with him. Each presented the matter to Helen Barnett, Galvin being the first to get her ear.

"But I told you," she returned, annoyed, "that I wanted to be president myself."

"Surely you are joking," he said.

"Surely I am not," she retorted. "I'd like to know who has a better right to be president of my own father's company. He always wanted me to take an interest in business matters."

Galvin spoke truthfully when he told her that he had been startled by her original suggestion, but had not given it a second thought. It had seemed too preposterous, although this he did not say. He had to give it second thought now, however, and third and fourth and fifth.

Holcomb was soon giving it thought also. To his startled protest she had replied most surprisingly.

"You tell me one thing, and Mr. Galvin tells me another," she said. "How can I know which is right? So I might as well be president myself. Besides, it will be lots of fun to boss a lot of men around. I've never been able to really boss a man —yet."

The idea of aspiring to the position of president of a corporation solely for the pleasure of "bossing" men did not commend itself to Holcomb, but he and Galvin, reasoning separately, reached the same conclusion: she would be only a figurehead, and they would easily find a way to get rid of her when the fight was over. Meanwhile, it was necessary to propitiate her, in order that the other faction might gain no advantage.

It seemed, for a time, as if she would be only a figurehead, although a puzzling one. She was entirely content at first just to occupy her office, make it real nice and cozy, and dictate occasional unimportant letters. Her private office looked like a reception-room when she finally got it arranged and furnished to her liking, and a man felt that he ought to put on a dress-suit to go into it. But she refused positively to ally herself with either faction. Of course, this was indirectly favorable to the conservatives, for they wished matters to continue much as they were, but she would not commit herself definitely to this policy, and they had reason to believe that she occasionally gave encouragement to the other side.

"It's as much fun as a flirtation," she told her mother, "and a good deal like one. I never knew that business could be so jolly."

And neither faction dared force the question to an issue that would determine it finally.

Then, her private office arranged to her satisfaction (at considerable cost to the company), she began to investigate the business situation. She did this by wandering about and asking questions of the clerks and department heads. As a result, many a young man had extraordinary palpitation of the heart when she leaned over him and asked him confidentially what he was doing and why he was doing it and how he was doing it.

"So amusing!" she told her mother. "You ought to see how red they get, and how rattled. Oh, every girl ought to go into business!"

But there was uncertainty and no progress: the situation remained the same, but with possibilities that kept everybody nervous. The Graham Company was fully advised as to the reason for the delay in acting upon its proposition, and, being extremely desirous that the deal should go through, it waited patiently, although its officials began to hint finally that one girl ought not to be able to tie up so important a matter indefinitely.

"It does seem absurd," Holcomb conceded, "but the situation is peculiar, and we dare not force matters. This isn't a case of reasons but of emotions. Besides, there isn't a one of us who can be really serious and forceful with her, even if we dared."

"Let me try," said Travers, of the Graham Company. "Perhaps she might resent anything that seemed like dictation from you, but it is different with me. I am with the other company, and I am justified in telling her, as an officer of this company, that we can't leave this matter open any longer."

"Go ahead," said Holcomb; and there certainly was something peculiar about his smile as he said it.

Travers was really disgusted, and he meant to say so. But he didn't. There was no earthly reason why the whim of a woman should block a great business deal, and she ought to be made to understand it. But she wasn't.

Travers entered her private office, courteous but determined. He was there about twenty minutes. The door was ajar, but his usually loud voice was so softened that those in the next room could hear only an indistinct murmur. Then Travers backed out, bowing and smiling.

"I assure you, we have no wish to distress you, Miss Barnett," he was saying. "We shall be glad to hear from you in the matter at your convenience."

Then he went back to Holcomb.

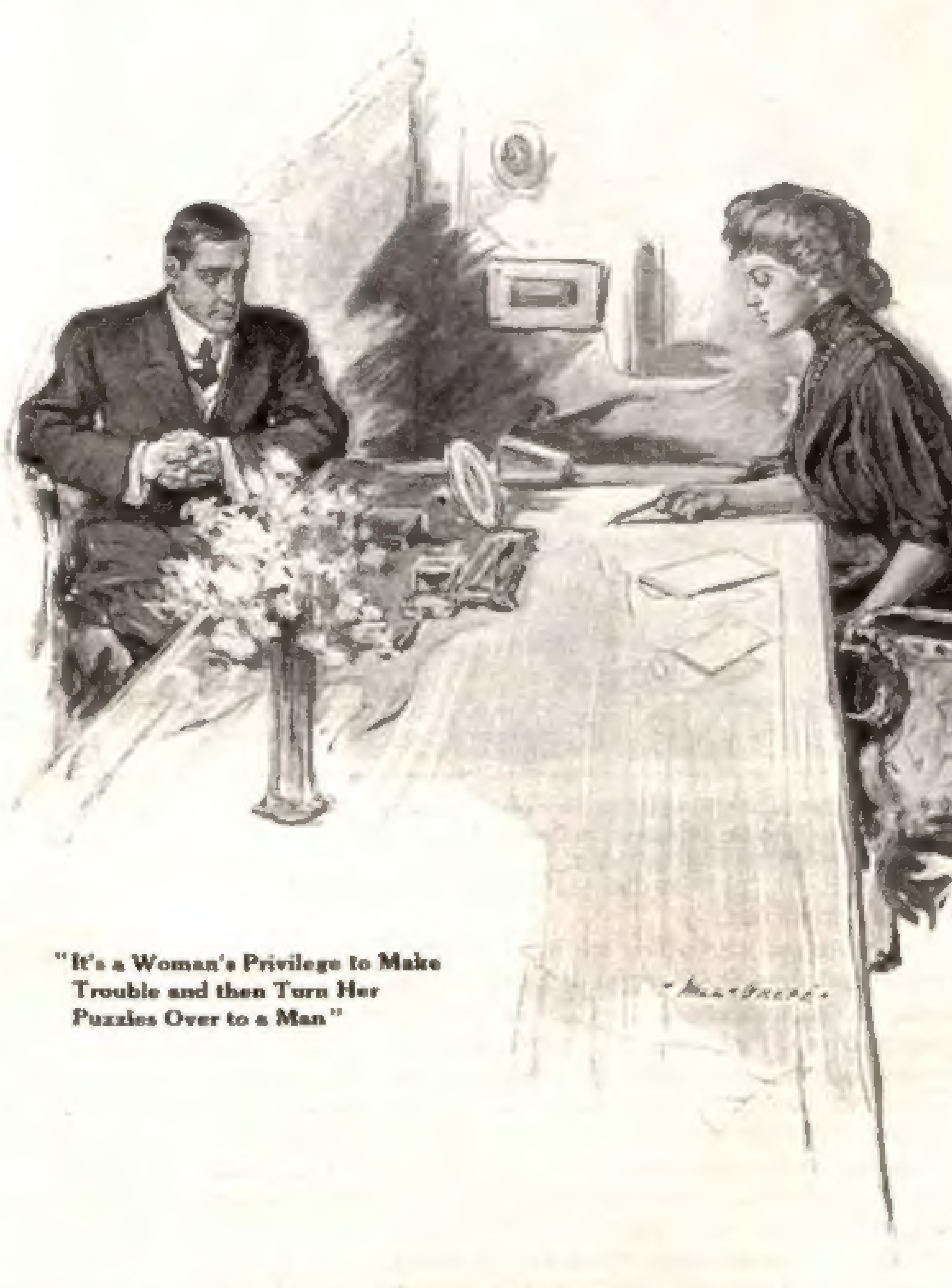
"Well?" said Holcomb inquiringly.

"Marry her," said Travers. "That's the only way."

Holcomb laughed.

"I mean it," insisted Travers. "Marry her out of the presidency and marry her stock into your control. Lord! I'd do it myself if I were a bachelor and younger. Haven't you any unattached young men with eyes and hearts in your camp? They ought to jump at a chance like this."

"By George! I believe you're right!" exclaimed Holcomb. "I've noticed that young Wainwright steps lively when she smiles, too. I think I'll have a talk with him."



"It's a Woman's Privilege to Make Trouble and then Turn Her Puzzles Over to a Man"

Meanwhile, Helen Barnett was thinking of what Travers had said. She really did want to do what was best for the company, and sometimes she was able to think of serious business problems for ten or fifteen minutes consecutively. On this occasion she sent for Davis, the manager.

"What do you think about it?" she asked.

Davis already knew just the position that he was going to have with the consolidated company, and he diplomatically advised immediate acceptance. He even went so far as to flatter, saying that her phenomenal success as an executive officer was the only thing that made him doubt, but that, even considering this, the offer seemed too good to refuse.

"Perhaps you're right," she said.

Then she sent for Willard Thomas and asked his advice. Thomas was not a man to whom any one in authority had previously gone for advice, but that may have been because no young woman had been in authority previously. He was an assistant in the sales department, and, like every one else in the establishment, he had a good general idea of the situation. The girl had talked with him before —had, in fact, seemed to be unusually interested in his work.

"What do you think about it?" she asked.

"I think it must be a pretty good thing for the Graham Company, or they wouldn't be so anxious," he answered.

"Then I am doing right?"

He hesitated for a moment and then answered frankly: "I don't think so. The uncertainty is bad, and the matter ought to be settled."

"Perhaps you think I'm not a good president," she said resentfully.

"I think you ought not to be president," he returned.

"Why?"

"Business is hardening."

"Has it hardened me?"

"No; but it will."

Strangely enough, she was not angered by this impertinence. She looked up at him with a whimsical smile, and, considering the time, place and circumstances, made a most extraordinary remark.

"You're a funny boy," was what she said. Then she blushed and hastily dismissed him. For he was twenty-five and she was barely twenty.

"But it's lots of fun," she declared. "Business is really jolly sport."

It became even jollier when Wainwright, inspired by Holcomb, began his campaign. Wainwright was entertaining, but he was too anxious to please. It would be time enough to think of getting her out of business when he was sure of her, so he cheerfully agreed with her in everything. Besides, she had such a fascinating way that it was really difficult to take any other view than the one she advocated.

There was also another reason why he should be particularly considerate: Chauncey Stackford was conducting a similar campaign, and Stackford was allied with the other faction. Although there was an element of business in these two courtships, the girl was so personally attractive and delightful that the business feature soon became a minor consideration. Both young men found it necessary to go often to the offices of the company, and presently they were also calling at the home of its president.

"I never had so much fun in my life," she told her mother. "I wouldn't give up business life for anything. They say there's no sentiment in business, but I find two nice bouquets on my desk every morning, and I never was so popular before. Everybody seems so anxious to please me."

But no one else was satisfied: there was uncertainty and anxiety everywhere else. Still, in some unaccountable way, business began to improve. The first plausible explanation of this came from the advertising manager, who went to Davis with a complaint.

"Who's interfering with my department?" he demanded.

"No one," answered Davis.

"Then the newspapers and the magazines are becoming mighty generous all of a sudden," returned the advertising man. "They are giving us more space than the company would ever let me buy, and they're running advertisements that I never saw before."

"I'll speak to the president about it," said Davis after a moment of thought.

The president smiled sweetly when he mentioned this unusual advertising.

"Why, yes," she said, "I contracted for about $20,000 of advertising myself."

"What!" cried Davis.

"Don't speak that way, please," she cautioned. "It startles me. I ordered it through an advertising agency."

"Oh, of course, I don't question your judgment," said Davis deferentially. "That would be preposterous. But it's unusual to do things this way."

Nevertheless, Davis made all haste to report the matter to Holcomb, and Holcomb made all haste to expostulate with the girl.

"Whatever made you do it?" he asked.

"Why, he was a handsome man, and *so* polite," answered the girl. "It was a real pleasure to let him have the contract."

"But you had no right to do it," he insisted.

"No right?" she repeated. "Well, if the president of a company can't order a little advertising when a real nice man tells her how much good it is going to do, what's the use of being president?"

He tried to explain that the directors should have been consulted about such a radical departure from the previous policy of the company, but it was discouraging work.

"Why, that takes away half the fun of being president," she protested. "I always thought the president was the head of a company. Anyhow, I wanted to write some advertisements myself. What do the men in the advertising department know about the real merits of corsets? It's making business for us, too."

"But we can't handle any more business now," he argued. "We've always been conservative, and we're not prepared for it."

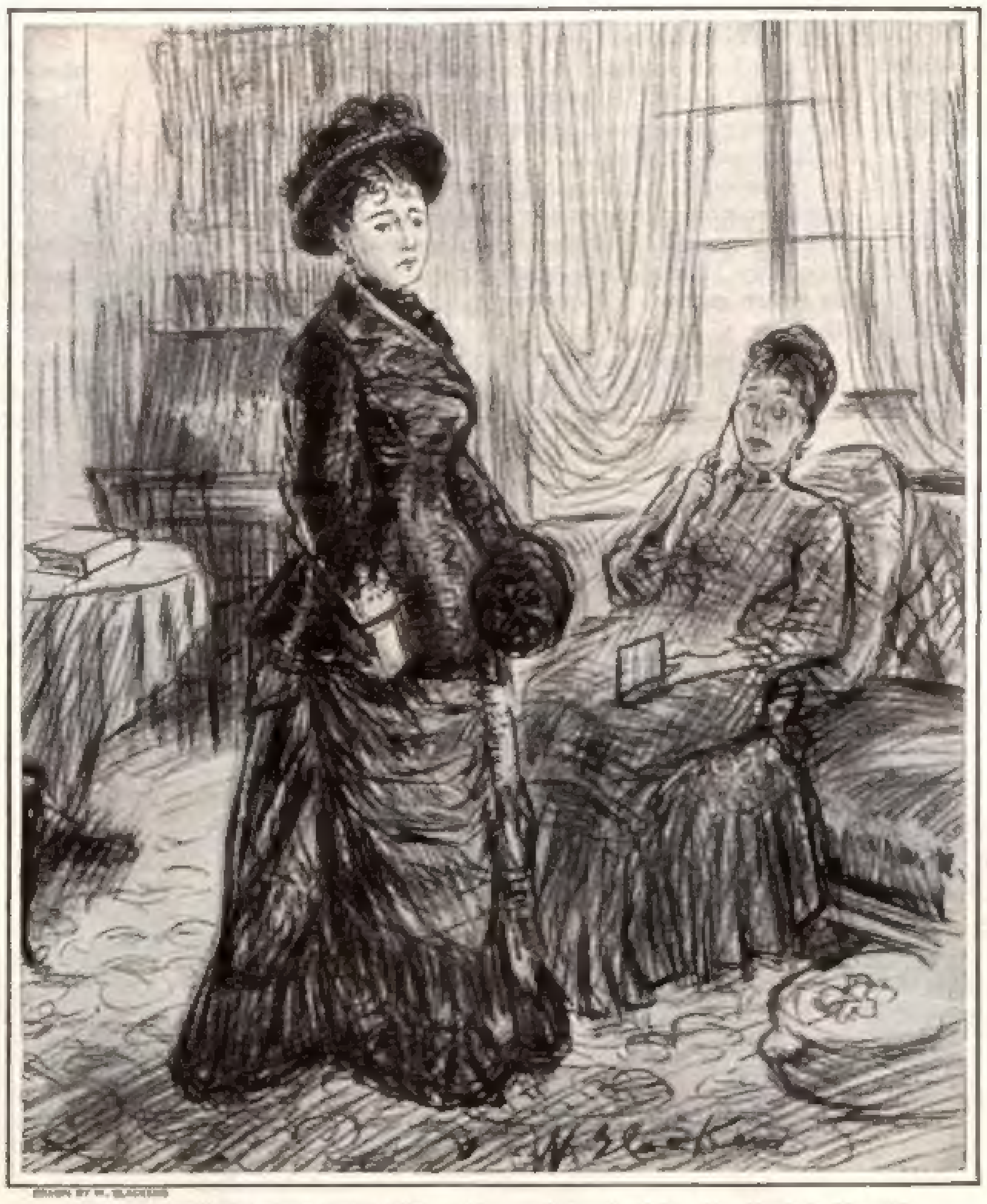
(Continued on Page 15)

The Passing of Priscilla Winthrop

BY WILLIAM ALLEN WHITE

WHAT a dreary waste life in our office must have been before Miss Larrabee came to us to edit a society page for the paper! Until she came we knew in a vague way that there were lines of social cleavage in the town; we knew that there were whist clubs and dancing clubs and women's clubs, and in a general way we knew that the women who composed these clubs made up our best society, and that those benighted souls beyond the pale of these clubs were out of the caste. We knew that certain persons whose names were always handed in on the lists of guests at parties were what we called "howling swells." But it remained for Miss Larrabee to sort out ten or a dozen of these "howling swells" who belonged to the strictest social caste in town, and call them "howling dervishes." Incidentally it may be said that both Miss Larrabee and her mother were dervishes, but that did not prevent her from making sport of them. From Miss Larrabee we learned that the high priestess of the howling dervishes of our society was Mrs. Mortimer Conklin, known by the sisterhood of the mosque as Priscilla Winthrop. We in our office had never heard her called by that name, but Miss Larrabee explained, rather elaborately, that unless one was permitted to speak of Mrs. Conklin thus, one was quite beyond the hope of a social heaven.

In the first place, Priscilla Winthrop was Mrs. Conklin's maiden name; in the second place, it links her with the Colonial Puritan stock of which she is so justly proud—being scornful of mere Daughters of the Revolution—and finally, though Mrs. Conklin is a grandmother, her maiden name seems to preserve the sweet, vague illusion of girlhood which Mrs. Conklin always carries about her like the shadow of a dream. And Miss Larrabee punctuated this with a wink which we took to be a quotation-mark, and went on with her work. So we knew we had been listening to the language used in the temple.



DRAWN BY W. GLACKENS

When Any Member of the Nobility in Town Got a Sealskin She Took It Humbly to Priscilla Winthrop to Pass Judgment Upon It

Our town was organized fifty years ago by Abolitionists from New England, and twenty years ago, when Alphabetical Morrison was getting out one of his numerous boom editions of the paper, we printed a historical article which he wrote, in which he said that Priscilla Winthrop was the first white child born on the town-site. Her father was territorial judge, afterward member of the State Senate, and died in the seventies, after ten years spent in mining in the far West, the richest man in the State. It was known that he left Priscilla, his only child, half a million dollars in Government bonds.

She was the first girl in our town to go away to school. Naturally, she went to Oberlin, famous in those days for admitting colored students. But she finished her education at Vassar, and came back so much of a young lady that the town could hardly contain her. She married Mortimer Conklin, took him to the Centennial on a wedding trip, came home, rebuilt her father's house, covering it with towers and minarets and steeples, and scroll-saw fretwork, and christening it Winthrop Hall. She erected a store building on Main Street, that Mortimer might have a luxurious office on the second floor, and then settled down to the serious business of life, which was building up a titled aristocracy in a Kansas town.

The Conklin children were never sent to the public schools, but had a governess, and Mortimer Conklin, who was always alert for the call, could not understand why the people never summoned him to any office of honor or trust. But he kept his brass sign-board polished and went to his office punctually every morning at ten o'clock, and returned home to dinner at five, and made clients wait ten minutes in the outer office before they could see him—at least so both of them say, and there were no others in all the years. But he shaved every day, wore a frock coat and a high hat to church—where for ten years he was the only male member of the Episcopalian flock—and altogether Mrs. Conklin told the women he was a credit to his sex and his family—a remark which was passed about ribaldly in town for a dozen years, though Mortimer Conklin never knew that he was the subject of a town joke. Once he rebuked a man in the barber shop for speaking of feminine extravagance, and told the shop that he never stinted his wife, that when she asked him for money he always gave it to her without question, and that if she wanted a dress he told her to buy it and send the bill to him. And we are such a polite people that no one in the crowded shop laughed—until Mortimer Conklin went out.

Of course at the office we have known for twenty-five years what the men thought of Mortimer, but not until Miss Larrabee joined the force did we know that among the women Mrs. Conklin was considered an oracle. Miss Larrabee said that her mother has a legend that when Priscilla Winthrop brought home from Boston the first sealskin sacque ever worn in town she gave a party for it, and it lay in its box on the big walnut bureau in the spare room of the Conklin mansion in solemn state, while seventy-five women salaamed to it. After that Priscilla Winthrop was the town authority on sealskins; when any member of the nobility in town got a sealskin she took it humbly to Priscilla Winthrop to pass judgment upon it. If Priscilla said it was London-dyed, its owner pranced away on clouds of glory, but if she said it was American-dyed, its owner crawled away in shame, and when one admired the disgraced garment, the martyred owner smiled with resigned sweetness and said humbly: "Yes—but it's only American-dyed, you know."

No dervish ever questioned the curse of the priestess. The only time a revolt was imminent was in the autumn of 1884, when the Conklins returned from their season at Duxbury, Massachusetts, and Mrs. Conklin took up the carpets in her house, heroically sold all of them at the second-hand store, and put in new waxed floors and spread down rugs. The town uprose and hooted; the outcasts and barbarians in the Methodist and Baptist Missionary Societies rocked the Conklin home with their merriment, and ten dervishes with set faces bravely met the onslaughts of the savages; but among themselves in hushed whispers, behind locked doors, the faithful wondered if there was not a mistake some place. However, when Priscilla Winthrop assured them that in all the best homes in Boston rugs were replacing carpets, their souls were at peace.

And all this time we at the office knew nothing of what was going on. We knew that the Conklins devoted considerable time to society; but Alphabetical Morrison explained that by calling attention to the fact that Mrs. Conklin had prematurely gray hair. He said a woman with prematurely gray hair was as sure to be a social leader as a spotted horse is to join a circus. But now we know that Colonel Morrison's view was a superficial one, for he was probably deterred from going deeper into the subject by his dislike for Mortimer Conklin, who invested a quarter of a million dollars in the Wichita boom, and lost it. Colonel Morrison naturally thought as long as Conklin was going to lose that money he could have lost it just as well at home in "the Queen City of the Prairies," giving the Colonel a chance to win it. And when Conklin sent a hundred thousand dollars of good money after the quarter million of bad money protecting his equities in Wichita, Colonel Morrison's grief could find no words. But he found language for his wrath; and when the Conklins draped their Oriental rugs for airing every Saturday over the veranda and portico railings of the house front, Colonel Morrison accused Mortimer Conklin of hanging out their stamp collection to let the neighbors see it. This was the only side of the rug question we ever saw in our office until Miss Larrabee came, and she told us that one of the first requirements of a howling dervish was to be able to quote from Priscilla Winthrop's rug book from memory. The rug book, the china book and the old furniture book were the three sacred scrolls of the sect.

All this was news to us. However, through Colonel Morrison we had received many years ago another side-light on the social status of the Conklins. It came out this way: Time-honored custom in our town allows the children of a home whereat there is an outbreak of social revelry, whether a church festival or a meeting of the Cold-Nosed Whist Club, to line up with the neighbor children like human vultures on the back stoop or in the kitchen, waiting to lick the ice-cream freezer and to devour the bits of cake and chicken-salad that are left over. Colonel Morrison told us that no child was ever known to adorn the back yard of the Conklin home while a social cataclysm was going on, but that when Mrs. Morrison entertained the Ladies Literary League, children from the holy Conklin family went home from his back porch with their faces smeared with chicken croquettes, and their hands sticky with jelly-cake!

This story never gained general circulation in town, but even if it had been known of all men it would not have shaken the faith of the devotees. For they did not smile when Priscilla Winthrop began to refer to old Frank Hagan, who came to milk the Conklin cow and curry the Conklin horse, as "François, the man," and to call the girl who did the cooking and general housework "Cosette, the maid," though every one of the dozen other women in town whom "Cosette, the maid" had worked for knew that her name was Fanny Ropes. And shortly after that the homes of the rich and the great over on the Hill above Main Street began to fill with Lisettes and Nanons and Fanchons, and Mrs. Julia Neal Worthington called her girl "Grisette," explaining that they had always had a Grisette about the house since her mother first went to housekeeping in Peoria, Illinois, and it sounded so natural to hear the name that they always gave it to a new servant. This story came to the office through the Young Prince, who chuckled over it during the whole hour he consumed in writing Ezra Worthington's obituary.

Miss Larrabee says that the death of Ezra Worthington marks such a distinct epoch in the social life of the town that we must set down here—even if the narrative of the Conklins halts for a moment—how the Worthingtons rose and flourished. Julia Neal, eldest daughter of Thomas Neal—who lost the "O" before his name some place between the docks of Dublin and the west bank of the Missouri River—was for ten years principal of the ward school in that part of our town known as "Arkansaw," where her term of service is still remembered as the "reign of terror." It was said of her then that she could whip any man in the ward—and would do it if he gave her a chance. The same manner which made the neighbors complain that Julia Neal carried her head too high later in life, when she had money to back it, gave her what the women of the State Federation called a "regal air." In her early thirties she married Ezra Worthington, bachelor, twenty years her senior. Ezra Worthington was at that time, and had been for twenty years before, and continued until his death, proprietor of the Worthington Poultry and Produce Commission Company, owner of the stock yards, president of the Worthington State Bank, vice-president, treasurer and general manager of the Worthington Mercantile Company, and owner of five brick buildings on Main Street. He bought one suit of clothes every five years whether he needed it or not, never let go of a dollar until the Goddess of Liberty on it was black in the face, and died rated "Aa $350,000" by all the commercial agencies in the country. And the first thing Mrs. Worthington did after the funeral was to telephone to the bank for a hundred dollars.

The next important thing she did was to put a heavy, immovable granite monument over the deceased so that he would not be restless, and then she built what is known in our town as the Worthington Palace. It makes the Markley mansion which cost $25,000 look like a barn. The Worthingtons in the life of Ezra had ventured no further into the social whirl of the town than to entertain the new Presbyterian preacher at tea, and to lend their lawn for a social to the King's Daughters, sending a bill in to the society for the eggs used in the coffee and the gasoline used in heating it.

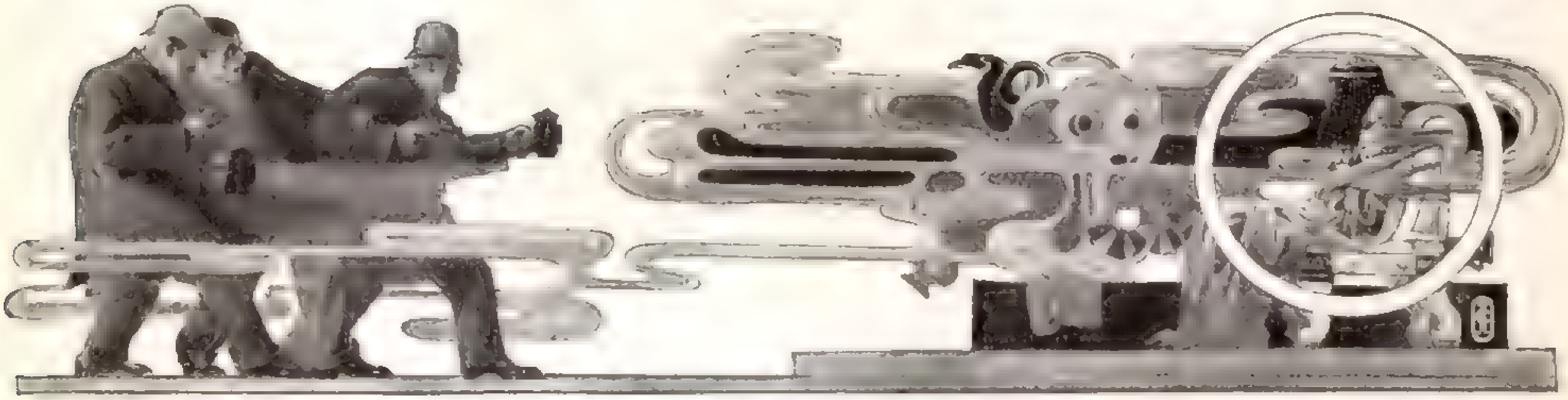
To the howling dervishes who surrounded Priscilla Winthrop the Worthingtons were as mere Christian dogs. It was not until three years after Ezra Worthington's death that the glow of the rising Worthington sun began to be seen in the Winthrop mosque. During those three years Mrs. Worthington had bought and read four different sets of the best hundred books, had consumed the Chautauqua course, had prepared and delivered for the Social Science Club, which she organized, five papers ranging in subject from the Home Life of Rameses I, through a Survey of the Forces Dominating Michael Angelo, to the Influence of Esoteric Buddhism on Modern Political Tendencies. More than that, she had been elected president of the City Federation of Clubs, and, being a delegate to the National Federation from the State, was talked of for the State Federation presidency. It was when the State Federation met in our town, and Mrs. Worthington gave a reception for the delegates in the Worthington Palace, a feature of which was a concert by a Kansas city organist on the new pipe-organ she had erected in the music-room of her house. Despite the fact that the devotees of the Priscilla shrine said that the crowd was distinctly mixed and not at all representative of our best social grace and elegance, there is no question but that Mrs. Worthington's reception made a strong impression on the town. The fact that, as Miss Larrabee said, "Priscilla Winthrop was so nice about it," also may be regarded as ominous. But the women who lent Mrs. Worthington the spoons and forks for the occasion were delighted, and formed a phalanx about her, which made up in numbers what it might have lacked in distinction. Yet while Mrs. Worthington was in Europe the faithful routed the phalanx, and Mrs. Conklin returned from her summer in Duxbury with half a carload of old furniture from Harrison Sampson's shop and gave a talk on "Heppelwhite in New England."

Miss Larrabee reported the affair for our paper, giving the small list of the guests and the long line of refreshments—which included alligator-pear salad, right out of the Smart Set Cook Book. Moreover, when Jefferson appeared in Topeka that fall, Priscilla Winthrop, who had met him through some of her Duxbury friends in Boston, had him run down for a luncheon with her and the members of the royal family who surrounded her. It was the proud boast of the defenders of the Winthrop faith in town that week that, though twenty-four people sat down to the table, not only did all the men wear frock coats—not only did Uncle Charley Haskins of String Town wear the old Winthrop butler's livery without a wrinkle in it and with only the faint odor of moth-balls to mingle with the perfume of the roses—but (and here the voices of the followers of the prophet dropped in awe) not a single knife or fork or spoon or napkin was borrowed! After that, when any of the sisterhood had occasion to speak of the absent Mrs. Worthington, whose house was filled with new mahogany and brass furniture, they called her the Duchess of Grand Rapids, which gave them much comfort.

But joy is short lived, and when Mrs. Worthington came back from Europe and opened her house to the City Federation, and gave a colored lantern-slide lecture on "An Evening with the Old Masters," serving punch from her own cut-glass punch bowl instead of renting the hand-painted crockery bowl of the queensware store, the old dull pain came back into the hearts of the dwellers in the inner circle. Then just in the nick of time Mrs. Conklin went to

(Continued on Page 1[illegible])

THE FALSE GODS



A TALE OF OLD EGYPT AND LITTLE OLD NEW YORK

(Copyright, 1906, by George H[illegible] Lorimer. Copyright in Great Britain)

VI

IT WAS Mrs. Athelstone who came through the doorway. She was all in white, a soft, silken white, which floated about her like a cloud, drifting back from her bare arms and throat, and suggesting the rounded outlines of her limbs. Her black hair, braided, hung below her waist, and from her forehead the golden asp bound back the curls. Her arms were full of roses—yellow, white and red.

For an uncertain moment she stood just within the hall, bathed in the light that shone through from her apartments. Then she closed the door and walked toward the veil. As she came through the shafts of light from the windows, her gown was stained with crimson spots. She was at the altar now, and Simpkins could no longer see her without changing his position. Stealthily he edged along, careless of the statue just behind him. As he parted the folds of the veil he saw that the altar was heaped with flowers. Just beyond, the light playing fantastically on her upturned face, stood Mrs. Athelstone.

Simpkins closed the veil abruptly. There came to him the remembrance of the time when the boy had pulled the cat's tail, her anger and her curious exclamation; and again, the repetition of it in his case, when he had handled the mummy of Amosis roughly; and her affectation of Egyptian symbols as ornaments. "She's the simon-pure Blavatsky all right," he concluded, as he pieced these things into what he had just seen. "All others are base imitations."

The reporter had gathered from his little reading that behind these monstrous gods and this complex symbolism there was something near akin to Christianity in a few great essentials, and he understood how a woman of Mrs. Athelstone's temperament, engrossed in the study of these things and living in these surroundings, might be affected by them. Even he, shrewd, hard Yankee that he was, had felt the influence of the place, and there was that behind him then which made his heart beat quicker at the thought.

When he looked out again Mrs. Athelstone was gone. He was impatient to get to his work in the storeroom; but first he peeped out again to make sure that she had returned to her room. She was still in the hall, walking about in the corner where she ordinarily worked. There was something methodical in her movements now that woke a new interest in Simpkins. "What the dickens can she be up to?" he thought.

She had lit a lamp, and had shaded it, so that its rays were contracted in a circle on the floor. From a cupboard let into the wall she was taking bottles and brushes, a roll of linen bandages and some boxes of pigments. After laying these on the floor, she walked over to the big, black mummy case, and pushed until she had turned it around with its face to the wall.

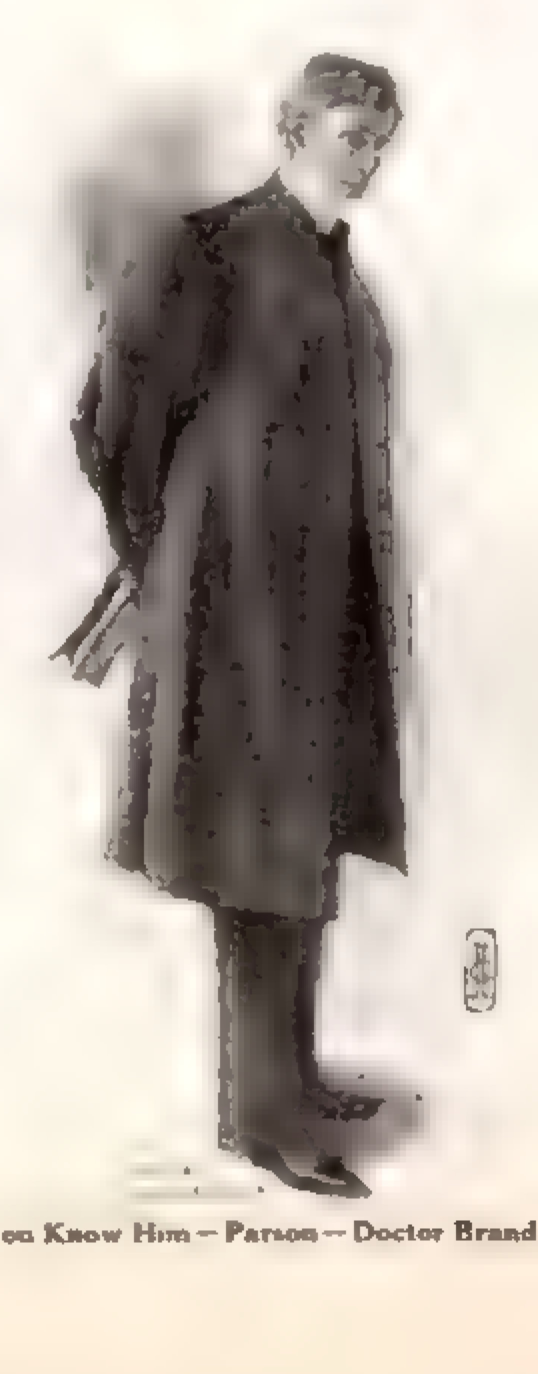
What heathen game was this? Simpkins' interest increased, and he poked his head out boldly from the sheltering veil.

Mrs. Athelstone was standing directly in front of the case now, pulling and tugging in an effort to bring it down on her shoulders. Finally, she managed to tilt it toward her, and then, straining, she lowered it, until it rested flat on the floor.

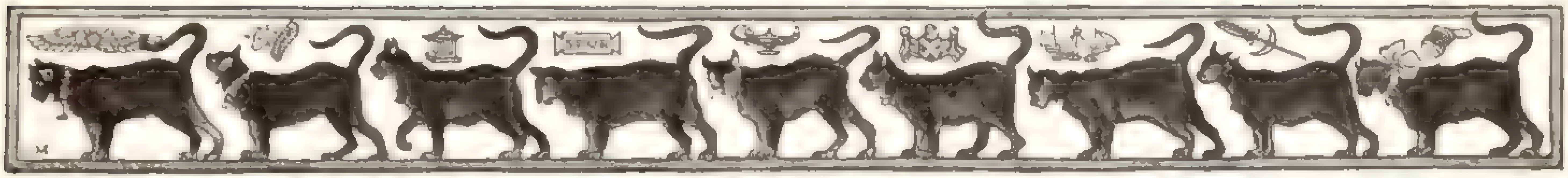
"Sorry I couldn't have lent a hand," thought the gallant Simpkins; "the old buck must weigh a ton. Now what's she bothering around that passé, three-thousand-years-dead sport, for?"

Her back was toward him; so, cautious and catlike, he stole from behind the veil and glided to the shelter of a post not ten feet from her. He peered around it eagerly. Still panting from her efforts, she was on her knees beside the case, fumbling a key in the Yale lock, a curious anachronism which Simpkins, in his cleaning, had found on all the more valuable mummy cases.

The lid was of sycamore wood, comparatively light, and she lifted it without trouble. Then the rays of the lamp shone full into the open case, and Simpkins looked over the shoulders of the kneeling woman at the mummy of a man who had stood full six feet in life. He stared long at the face, seeking in those shriveled features a reason for the horror which grew in him as he gazed, trying to build back into life again that thing which once had been a man. For there was something about it which seemed different from those Egyptians of whom he had read. Slowly the vaguely familiar features filled out, until Simpkins saw—not the swarthy, low-browed face of an Egyptian king, but the ruddy, handsome face of an Englishman, and—at last he was sure, a face like that of a photograph in his pocket. And in that same moment there went through



"You Know Him — Parson — Doctor Brander"



The Nine Lives of Rameses

his mind a sentence from the curious picture-letter: *"That thing that I have to do is about done."*

Already, in his absorption, he had started out from the shelter of the pillar, and now he crept forward. He was almost on her, and she had heard nothing, seen nothing, but suddenly she felt him coming, and turned. And as her eyes, full of fear in the first startled consciousness of discovery, met his, he sprang at her, and pinioned her arms to her side. But only for a moment. Fear fought with her, and by a mighty effort she half shook herself free.

Simpkins found himself struggling desperately now to regain his advantage. And already his greater strength was telling, when the lamp crashed over, leaving them in darkness,' and he felt the blow of a heavy body striking his back. Claws dug through his clothes, deep into his flesh. Something was at his head now, biting and tearing, and the warm blood was trickling down into his eyes. A stealthy paw reached round for his throat. He could feel its silken surface passing over his bare flesh, the unsheathing of its steel to strike, and, as it sank into his throat, he seized it, loosening his hold on Mrs. Athelstone, quite careless of her in the pain and menace of that moment.

Still clutching the great black cat, though it bit and tore at his hands, he gained his feet. In the darkness he could see nothing but two blazing eyes, and not until the last spark died in them did his fingers relax. Then, with a savage joy, he threw the limp body against the altar of Isis, and turned to see what had become of Mrs. Athelstone. She lay quite still where he had left her, a huddled heap of white upon the floor.

Simpkins righted and lit the overturned lamp and lifted the unconscious woman into a chair. There he bound her, wrapping her about with the linen bandages, until she was quite helpless to move. The obsidian eyes of the mummy seemed to follow him as he went about his task. Annoyed by their steady regard, he threw a cloth over the face and sat down to wait for the woman to come back to life.

VII

THOUGH her gown was torn and spotted with his blood, Mrs. Athelstone had never looked more lovely. But Simpkins was quite unmoved by the sight of her beauty. His infatuation for her, his personal interest in her even, had puffed out in that moment when he had discovered in the mummied face a likeness to Doctor Athelstone. He was regarding her now simply as "material," and fixing in his mind each detail of her appearance, that he might the more effectively describe her in his story. And what a splendid one it was! The Blavatsky "spread," with the opportunity which it afforded to ridicule two rather well-known women—that was good stuff; the scandal which had unfolded as he worked—that was better still; but this "mysterious murder," with its novel features—this was the superlative of excellence in Yellow Journalism. "Talk about Teddy's luck," thought the reporter; "how about the luck of Simp., old boy?"

He looked at his watch anxiously. He had plenty of time—the paper did not go to press until two. Relieved, he glanced toward Mrs. Athelstone again. How still she was! She was taking an unreasonably long time about coming to! The shadows in the room began to creep in on him again, and to oppress him with a vague fear, now that he was sitting inactive. He got up, but just then the woman stirred, and he settled down again.

Slowly she recovered consciousness and looked about her. Her eyes sought out Simpkins last, and as they rested on him a flash of anger lit them up. Simpkins returned their stare unflinchingly. They had quite lost their power over him.

"So you're a thief, Simpkins—and I thought you looked so honest," she said, contempt and anger in her voice

"Not at all," Simpkins answered, relieved and grateful that she had only suspected him of being a thief, that there had been no tears, no pleadings, no hysterics; "I'm nothing of the sort. I'm only your clerk."

"Then what are you doing here at this time of night? And why did you attack me? Why have you bound me?"

"I'll be perfectly frank, Mrs. Athelstone." (Simpkins always prefaced a piece of duplicity by asseverating his innocence of guile.) "I've blundered on something in there," and he motioned vaguely toward the floor, "that is reason enough for binding you and turning you over to the police, sorry as I should be to take such a step."

"And that something?"

"The body of your husband."

"You beastly little cad," began Mrs. Athelstone, anger flaming in her face again. Then she stopped short, and her expression went to one of extreme terror.

The change was not lost on Simpkins. "That's better," he said. "If a fellow has to condone murder to meet your standards of what's a perfect little gentleman, you can count me out. Now just you make up your mind that repartee won't take us anywhere, and let's get down to cases. There may be, I believe there are, extenuating circumstances. Tell him the whole truth and you'll find Simp. your friend, cad or no cad."

As he talked, Mrs. Athelstone regained her composure, and when he was through she asked calmly enough: "And because you've blundered on something you don't understand, something that has aroused your silly suspicions, you would turn me over to the police?"

"It's not a silly suspicion, Mrs. Athelstone, but a cinch. I know your husband was murdered there," and he pointed to the altar. "And you're not innocent, though how guilty morally I'm not ready to say. There may be something behind it all to change my present determination; that depends on whether you care to talk to me, or would rather take the third degree at headquarters."

"But you really have made a frightful mistake," she protested, not angrily now, but rather soothingly.

"Then I'll have to call an officer; perhaps he can set us straight." And he stood up.

"Sit down," she implored. "Let me explain."

"That's the way to talk; you'll find it'll do you good to loosen up," and Simpkins sat down, exulting that he was not to miss the most striking feature of his story. Until it was on the wire, and the New York papers had gone to press, he had as little use for officers as Mrs. Athelstone. "Remember," he added, as he leaned back to listen, "that I know enough now to pick out any fancy-work."

"It's really absurdly simple. The cemented surface of this mummy had been damaged, as you can see——" Mrs. Athelstone began, but Simpkins broke in roughly:

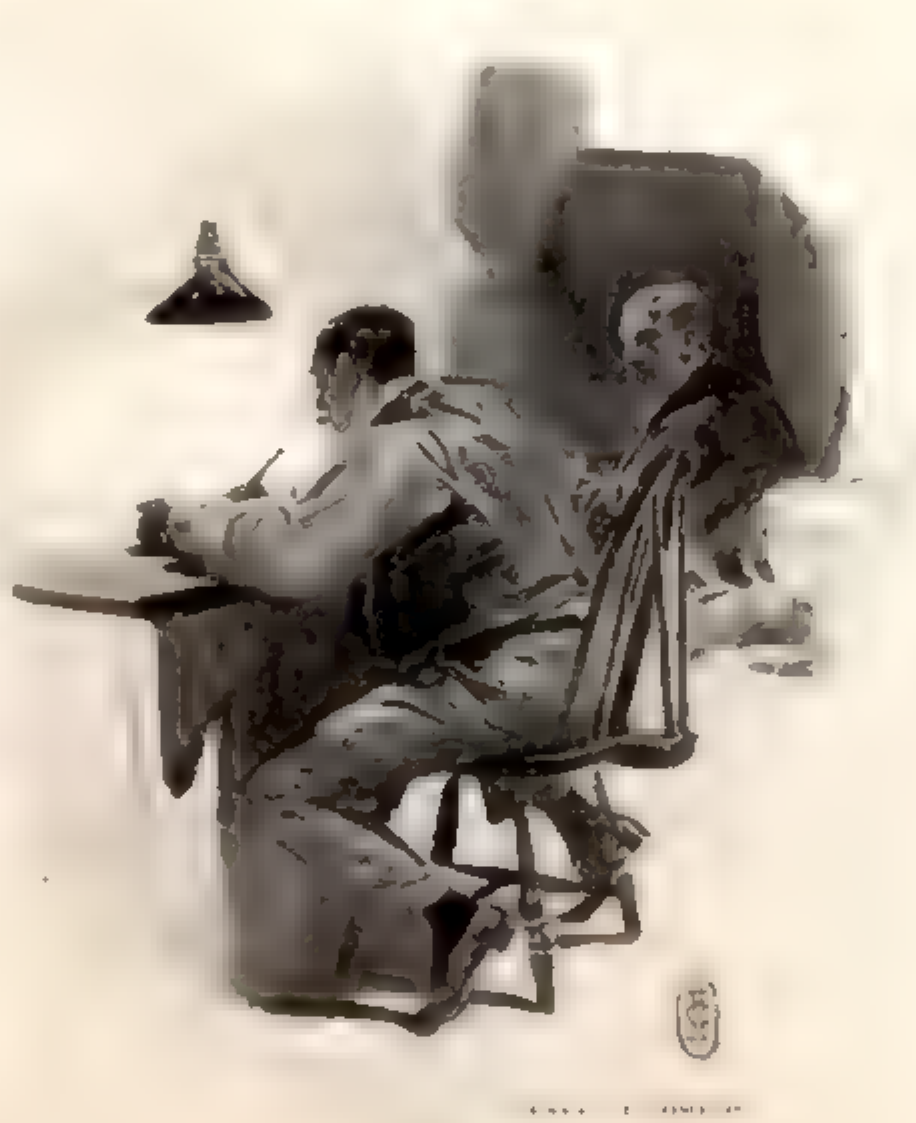
"Come, come, there's no use doping out any more of that stuff to me. I want the facts." He was on his feet now, shaking his fist at the woman, and he noticed with satisfaction that she had shrunk back in her chair till the linen bandages hung loosely across her breast.

"Yes—yes—I'll tell," was the trembling answer; "only do sit down," and then after a moment's pause, in which she seemed to be striving to compose herself, she began:

"I, sir, was a queen, Nefruari, whom they called the good and glorious woman." And she threw back her head proudly and paused.

This was better than he had dared hope. Yet it was what he had half believed; she was quite mad. He felt relieved at this final proof of it. After all, it would have hurt him to send this woman to "the chair"; but there would be no condemned cell for her; only the madhouse. It might be harder for her; but it made it easier for him. He nodded a grave encouragement for her to continue.

"This is my mummy," she went on, nodding toward the gilded case, "the shell from which my soul fled three thousand years ago. Since then it has been upon its wanderings, living in birds and beasts, that the will of Osiris might be done."



Enlarging on the Certainty of One's Sin Finding One Out, Provided it were Assisted by a Banner Reporter

Again she paused, pleased, apparently, with the respectful interest which Simpkins showed. And he was interested; for his reading on early Egyptian beliefs enabled him to follow the current of her madness and to trace it back to its sources. So he nodded again, and she continued:

"Through all those weary centuries, Amosis, my husband, has been with me, first as king—ah! those days in hundred-gated Thebes—and when at last my soul lodged in this body he found me out again. As boy and girl we loved, as man and woman we were married. And the days that followed were as happy as those old days when we ruled an empire. Not that we remembered then. The memory of it all just came back to me two months ago."

"Did you tell the Doctor about it?" asked Simpkins, in the wheedling tone of a physician asking a child to put out her tongue.

"I tried to stir his memory gently, by careless hints, a word dropped here and there, recalling some bright triumph of his reign, some splendid battle, but there was no response. And so I waited, hoping that of itself his memory might quicken, as mine had."

"Did Brander know anything about this—er—extraordinary swapping around of souls?"

"Not then——" began the woman, but Simpkins cut her short by jumping to his feet with a cry of "What's that!" and his voice was sharp with fear. For in that silent second, while he waited for her answer, he had heard a noise there in the hall, the sound of stealthy feet behind the veil, and he had seen the woman's eyes gleam triumph.

Again the terror that had mastered him an hour before leaped into life, and quakingly he faced the darkness. But he saw nothing—only the shifting shadows, the crimson blotches crawling on the veil, and the vague outlines of the coffined dead.

He looked back to the woman. Her face was masklike. It must have been a fancy, a vibration of his own tense nerves. But none the less, he rearranged the light, that while its rays shone clear on Mrs. Athelstone, he might be in the shadow, and set his chair back close against the wall, that both the woman and the hall might be well in his eye. And when he sat down again one hand clutched tight the butt of a revolver.

VIII

"YOU seem strangely disturbed, Simpkins," said Mrs. Athelstone quietly; but he fancied that there was a note of malicious pleasure in her voice. "Has anything happened to alarm you?"

"I thought I heard a slight noise, as if something were moving behind me. Perhaps a mummy was breaking out of its case," he answered, but his voice was scarce steady enough for the flippancy of his speech.

"Hardly that," was the serious answer; "but it might have been my cat, Rameses."

"Not unless it was Rameses II, because—well, it didn't sound like a cat," he wound up, guiltily conscious of his other reason for certainty on this point. "Perhaps Isis has climbed down from her pedestal to stretch herself," and he smiled, but his eyes were anxious, and he shot a furtive glance toward the veil.

"It's hardly probable," was the calm reply.

"What? Can't the thing use its legs, too?"

"Ah! then you know——"

"Yes; she reached for me when I was dusting her off, but I kicked harder than Doctor Athelstone, I suppose, and so touched the spring twice."

"You beast!"

"Well, let it go at that," Simpkins assented. "And let's hear the rest." He was burning with impatience to reach the end and get away, back to noisy, crowded Broadway.

But Mrs. Athelstone answered nothing, only looked off toward the altar. It almost seemed as if she waited for something.

"Go on," commanded Simpkins, stirred to roughness by his growing uneasiness.

"You will not leave while yet you may?" and now her tone doubled the threat of her words.

"No, not till I've heard it all," he answered doggedly, and gripped the butt of his revolver tighter. But though he told himself that her changed manner, this new confidence, was the freak of a madwoman, down deep he felt that it portended some evil thing for him, knew it, and would not go, could not go; for he dared not pass the ambushed terror of that altar.

"You still insist?" the woman asked with rising anger. "So be it. Learn then the fate of meddlers, of dogs who dare to penetrate the mysteries of Isis."

Simpkins took his eyes from her face and glanced mechanically toward the veil. But he looked back suddenly, and caught her signaling with a swift motion of her head to something in the darkness. There could be no mistake this time. And following her eyes he saw a form, black and shapeless, steal along to the nearest post.

Revolver in hand he leaped up and back, upsetting his chair. The thing remained hidden. He cleared the partitioning sarcophagus at a bound, and, sliding and backing, reached the centre of the hall, never for one instant taking his eyes from that post or lowering his revolver. Step by step, back between the pillars he retreated, stumbling toward the door and safety.

Half-way, he heard the woman hiss: "Stop him! Don't let him escape!" And he saw the thing dart from behind the post. In the uncontrollable madness of his fear he hurled, instead of firing, his revolver at it, and turned and ran.

Tapping lightly on the flags behind, he heard swift feet. It was coming, it was gaining, but he was at the door, through it, and had slammed it safely behind him. A leap, a bound, and he was through the antechamber, and, as the door behind him opened, he was slipping out into the passageway. He went down the stairs in great jumps. Thank God! he had left the street door unlocked. But already the sound of pursuit had stopped, and he reached the open air safely.

Down the deserted street to Broadway he ran. There he hailed a cab and directed the driver to the telegraph office. Then he leaned back and looked at the garish lights, the passing cabs, the theatre crowds hurrying along home, laughing and chatting as if the world held no such horror as that which he had just escaped. That madwoman's words rang through his brain, drowning out the voices of the street; the tapping of those flying feet sounded in his ears above the rattle of the cab. That or this must be unreal; yet how far off both seemed.

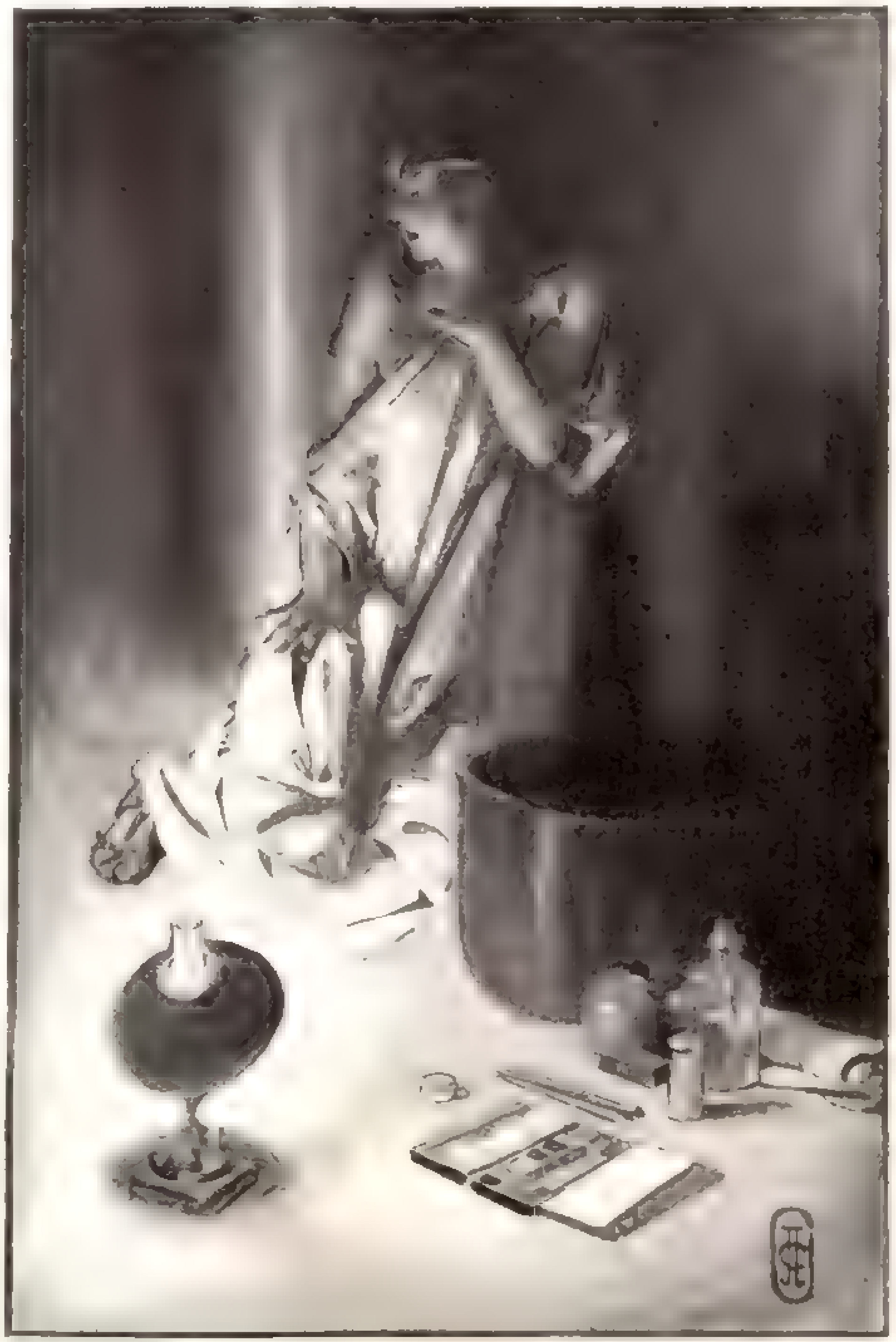
Gradually the rough jolting of the cab shook him back to a sense of his surroundings and their safety. He began to regain his nerve, and to busy himself knotting the strands of the story into a connected narrative. And when, a few minutes later, he handed a message to the manager of the telegraph office and demanded a clear wire into the Banner Office, he was quite the old breezy Simpkins.

Then, coat off, a cigar between his teeth, he sat down beside the operator and began to write his story, his flying fingers keeping time with the clicking instrument. He made no mention of the fears that had beset him in the hall and the manner of his exit from it. But there was enough and to spare of the dramatic in what he sent. After a sensational half-column of introduction, fitting the murder on Mrs. Athelstone, and enlarging on the certainty of one's sin finding one out, provided it were assisted by a Banner reporter, he swung into the detailed story, dwelling on the woman's madness and sliding over the details of the murder as much as possible.

Then he described how, for more than a month, Mrs. Athelstone had labored over the body, hiding it for days in the empty case, and dragging it out nights, until she had finished it, with the exception of some detail about the head, into a faithful replica of the mummy of Amosis, the original of which she had no doubt burned. It all made a vivid story; for never had his imagination been in such working order, and never had it responded more generously to his demands upon it. About half-past two in the morning he finished his fourth column and concluded his story with:

"So this awful confession of madness and murder ended. I left the woman bound and helpless, sitting in her chair, her victim at her feet, to wait the coming of the police." Then he added to Naylor personally, "Going notify police headquarters now and go back to hall."

Naylor, who had been reading the copy page by page as it came from the wire, and who, naturally, was taking a more cold-blooded view of the case than Simpkins, telegraphed back: "What share did Brander have in actual murder? You don't bring that out in story."



Suddenly She Felt Him Coming, and Turned

"Couldn't get it out of her," Simpkins sent back, truthfully enough.

"Find out," was the answer. "Get back to hall quick. Brander may have looked in while you were gone. Will hold enough men for an extra."

Simpkins called a cab and started for police headquarters at breakneck speed, but on the way he stopped at Brander's rooms; for a miserable suspicion was growing in his brain. "If that really was Isis," he was thinking, "it's funny she didn't nail me before I got to the door, even with the start I had."

On his representation that he had called on a matter of life and death the janitor admitted him to Brander's rooms. They were empty, and the bed had not been slept in.

IX

IT WAS well after three o'clock when Simpkins, an officer on either side, entered the Oriental building again, and hurried up the stairs to the Society's office. There they were halted, for Simpkins had left his key sticking in the spring lock inside and slammed the door behind him, a piece of carelessness over which the officers were greatly exercised; for he had not confided to them that he had started off in a hurry. In the end, they sent the door crashing in with their shoulders and preceded Simpkins—and he was scrupulously polite about this—into the antechamber.

There an incandescent lamp over the youth's desk gave them light and Simpkins momentary relief. The men used hard language when they found the second door in the same condition as the first, but Simpkins took their rating meekly. They tried their shoulders again, but the oak was stout and long withstood their assaults. When it yielded at last it gave way suddenly, and they all tumbled pell-mell into the hall. Simpkins jumped up with incredible agility, and was back in the lighted antechamber before the others had struggled to their feet. Suddenly they stopped swearing. They looked around them. Then they, too, stepped back into the antechamber.

"Ain't there any way of lighting this place?" asked one of them rather sullenly.

"Nothing but three incandescents over the desk," answered Simpkins.

"Use your lantern, then, Tom; come on now, young feller, and show us where this woman is," he said roughly, and he pushed Simpkins through the door.

As the officers followed him, he fell back between them and linked his arms through theirs. And silently they advanced on the altar, a grotesque and rather unsteady trio, the bull's-eyes on either side flashing ahead into the darkness.

"The lamp's still burning," whispered Simpkins. They were far enough into the hall now to see the glow from it in the corner. "Flash your lights around those pillars, boys. There, over there!"

The bull's-eyes jumped about searching her out. "There! now! Hold still!" cried Simpkins as they focused on the chair.

The black mummy lay as he had left it, the cloth still on the face, but the chair was empty. Straight to the veil the reporter ran, and pulled the cord. Light broke from above, and beat down on an altar heaped with dying roses and the statue of a woman, smiling. And at her feet there crouched a great black cat, that arched its back and snarled at Simpkins.

Beyond, the lights were still burning in Mrs. Athelstone's apartment, but there was no one in the rooms. Some opened drawers in the bureau and the absence of her toilet articles from the table told of preparations for a hasty flight.

They did not linger long over their examination of the rooms. But after replacing the broken doors as best they could and sealing them, they went out by the main entrance to question the watchman, whom they found dozing in his chair.

Had he seen anything of Mrs. Athelstone? Sure; he'd called a cab for her about an hour ago and she'd driven off with her brother.

"Her brother!" echoed Simpkins.

"Yep," yawned the watchman; "you know him—parson—Doctor Brander. What's up?"

"Nothing," Simpkins returned sourly, but to himself he added, "Oh, hell!"

X

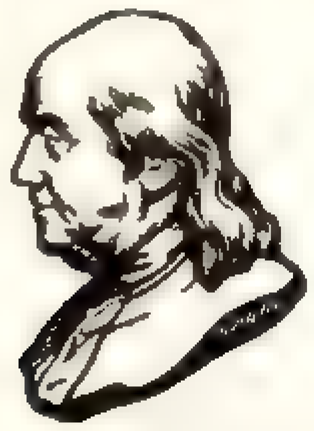
ONCE in the street again, after a word of explanation to the watchman, the officers and Simpkins separated, they to report and send out an alarm for Mrs. Athelstone and Brander, he to call up his office before rejoining them. His exultation over his beat was keyed somewhat lower, now that he understood what Brander's real interest in Mrs. Athelstone was. Mentally, he wrung the neck of Buttons for not having known it; figuratively, he kicked himself for not having guessed it; literally, he damned his employers for their British reserve, their cool assumption that because he was their clerk he was not interested in their family affairs. "Cuss 'em for snobs," he wound up finally, a deep sense of his personal grievance stirring his sociable Yankee soul.

Of course, this sickening brother and sister business wouldn't touch the main fact of the story, but it knocked the "love motive" and the "heart interest" higher than a kite, utterly ruining some of his prettiest bits of writing, besides letting him in for a call-down from Naylor. Still, the old man couldn't be very hard on him—he'd understand that some trifling little inaccuracies were bound to creep into a great big story like this, dug out and worked up by one man.

At this more cheerful conclusion, a newsboy, crying his bundle of still damp papers, came along, and Simpkins hailed him eagerly. Standing under a lamp on the corner, skipping from front page to back, then from head to head inside, with an eye skilled to catch at a glance the stories which a loathed contemporary had that the Banner had missed, he ran through the bunch. The Sun—not a line about Athelstone in it. Bully! The American—he was a little afraid of the American. Safe again. The World—Sam Blythe's humorous descriptive story of the convention

(Continued on Page 25)

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST



REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

FOUNDED A. D. 1728
PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY
THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY
421 TO 427 ARCH STREET
GEORGE HORACE LORIMER, EDITOR

PHILADELPHIA, FEBRUARY 3, 1906

Single Subscriptions, $2.00 the Year. In Clubs, $1.25 Each
Five Cents the Copy of All Newsdealers

Foreign Subscriptions: For Countries in the Postal Union
Single Subscriptions, $3.25. In Clubs, $2.50 Each
Remittances to be Made by International Postal Money Order

Poor Richard Junior's Philosophy

¶ Inside tips seldom come out.

¶ The road to failure is full of ruts.

¶ Marry for money, and starve for love.

¶ The calm man is his own cyclone cellar.

¶ An ounce of to-morrow is worth a pound of yesterday.

¶ Hanging is too good for some men, and a lot of pictures.

¶ You can kill a play, but you can't make the ghost walk.

¶ One-half the world doesn't care how the other half lives.

¶ Aimlessness spends its time going nowhere and coming back.

¶ The water wagon is a reliable vehicle that travels on dry land.

¶ A "gooseberry" is a cross between a chaperon and a catspaw.

¶ Modern religion includes the bathtub as well as the baptismal font.

¶ The trouble with an elastic conscience is that it is apt to fly back and sting you.

¶ An optimist sees a silver lining to every cloud; a pessimist bites the silver to see if it is real.

¶ The "cream" of society is so called, not so much because it is at the top as because it is a little off color.

¶ Flattery is to conversation what the kiss is to love-making: of the least value, but valued the most.

¶ As usual, the people get the worst of it. With passes the politicians did travel some. Now they stay around home.

¶ In the last month of last year the House of Representatives received over ten thousand bills. In the first month of the new year—well, a man doesn't have to be elected to Congress to have some things come his way.

The Federal Judge

AFTER several years' effort and a large expenditure the Interior Department procured the indictment of two rich cattlemen in Nebraska who had unlawfully inclosed a quarter of a million acres of public land. The court sentenced them to pay a fine of $300 each and to remain in the custody of the United States marshal for six hours. The marshal, not being devoid of a sense of humor, carried out the sentence by appointing the culprit's attorney a special deputy to take charge of them for the six penitential hours—which they spent without any such physical hardships as would be likely to undermine their constitutions. The President thereupon dismissed the marshal and the district attorney who conducted the prosecution—which was as far as he could go in evidence of his disapproval of the joke.

The case interestingly illustrates an odd feature of our Government system—that is, the peculiar position occupied by a Federal judge. He is by far the mightiest figure with whom the vast majority of us ever come in contact. What the President and the Senate do may affect our feelings, and, after a time, have some influence upon our prosperity. But they are really remote and have no such power upon us in our daily walks as the Federal judge has, and exercises. If there is a strike his injunction forbids us to go in certain places and speak in a certain manner. Very often his decree cancels the laws we have made in our legislature. Not long ago a Federal judge set aside the whole tax machinery of a sovereign State, backed by a decision of its Supreme Court, by simply saying that he would intervene with a restraining order if his views were not accepted.

But this immensely powerful official is practically not accountable to anybody. After the ill-advised attempt to impeach Judge Swayne last winter nothing short of some gross malfeasance would set in motion the only process there is for bringing him to account. Altogether, he makes an odd imperial cog in the democratic machine.

Unhappy Secretary Shaw

SECRETARY SHAW'S elastic currency plan has received so much criticism that he will not mind a little more. Jacob H. Schiff disapproves it—and offers a substitute of his own.

There are two kinds of elastic currency schemes. The Wall Street kind would increase the profits of banking and facilitate speculation. The Washington kind would relieve the Secretary of the Treasury from his unpleasant duty and save him and the President from some newspaper criticism. Doubtless these objects seem desirable to the persons immediately interested; but they do not particularly appeal to the country at large and are not likely to impress Congress.

In summer the country's surplus money flows to New York and finds employment largely in loans to stock speculators. Usually in the autumn the country can use its money at home, so recalls it from Wall Street, and often a stringency results there, which the Government can relieve by depositing Treasury funds in the banks. The duty of deciding whether such a deposit shall be made devolves upon the Secretary of the Treasury. No Secretary has found this duty pleasant. If he makes the deposit, he may be accused of helping stock gamblers. If he withholds it, disorders that will embarrass legitimate business may follow.

This is disagreeable; but it is one of the unavoidable responsibilities of the office. It is conceivable that a Secretary might face it with a firm policy and clear conscience and let the newspapers say what they pleased.

Mr. Shaw seems to have kept himself quite uniformly unhappy—between the fear that somebody would accuse him of helping speculators, and the fear that a serious embarrassment to business would arise if he refused to help them. Mr. Schiff relates that the Secretary, in declining to adopt a certain course, said "he feared the criticism of the press."

Saving the Secretary from such criticism and thereby removing the only unpleasant feature of his job may be very desirable; but probably the nation will not care to embark on dubious currency experiments for that purpose.

Mr. Shaw is an excellent man; but his excellence is at a frightful disadvantage in his present position. Friends of excellence will wish him success under happier conditions.

Shutting Off the Passes

WE ARE anxiously waiting to hear that some powerful evangelical society has taken up the case of the trunk railroads to sustain them in this hour of travail. Repentance and reformation are difficult at best. The trunk roads have undertaken them in peculiarly trying conditions, and with the further important handicap that they are entirely without experience in that line. It would be a shame if they should fail.

For many years the trunk roads followed the amiable practice of bidding for public favors to which they were not morally entitled by a generous distribution of passes, cheerfully assisting receptive law-makers in the little swindle of drawing mileage from public treasuries while riding free, and mellowing judicial and journalistic minds by gifts of a few dollars' worth of transportation. Finally they realized that they had created a great bunco game of which they themselves were the victims. In the main, people took the passes, then voted, wrote and decided as they chose. So the roads repented, and cut off the passes the first of this year.

Immediately a statesman at Washington advanced the plausible argument that, as the abolition of passes would result in a great saving to the roads, it would be proper for Congress to give the public the benefit by cutting off about ten million dollars from the appropriation for carrying the mails. From some State capitals and other quarters came similar warnings.

In short, although the roads had, probably, derived little advantage from the pass system, it looked as though they might derive plenty of disadvantages from abolishing it. Though the wickedness was fruitless of benefits, the reformation promised to bear an abundant harvest of injuries. This, certainly, is a trying situation, in which the penitents should receive strong moral sympathy and support.

By way of encouragement we may point out that the advanced victim of alcoholism receives no pleasure from the indulgence of his vice, but suffers the acutest pain from its discontinuance. Yet he must persist in that discontinuance or fall to an even lower, more helpless and wretched state, from which he can redeem himself only by harder and more painful struggles.

Another False Alarm

MRS. EDITH WHARTON has written an exceedingly clever book about some excessively stupid people, and, as the Abou-ben-Adhem of the best sellers, it is achieving the first purpose of the novel with a purpose. There can be no two opinions about the popularity of her book, but we may, perhaps, be pardoned for venturing a minority report on the reason for that popularity. A number of eminent and amiable critics have hailed The House of Mirth as a great American novel. We venture to believe that it is not great; to hope that it is not American. It has a certain style—a brilliant, hard veneer, like the frozen surface of a lake in midwinter, but there is nothing worth fishing for through the ice.

Mrs. Wharton is the Mrs. Humphry Ward of America. These two women write about "nice people" who lead rotten lives; you can see that they both dearly love a lord or his equivalent, even when they are holding up their hands in holy horror at his goings-on; and they both appeal to that large body of thoughtless women who like to play "make-believe" think.

If the adjective great, as applied to Mrs. Wharton's book, is ill-chosen, is there any warrant for the American? The House of Mirth deals with a small set, within a small set, of New York society, who pride themselves on dressing like Parisians and living like Englishmen. Everything about them, down to their silly class pretensions, is made in England, France or Germany. For nothing that is American have they the slightest use, except the dollar of their daddies. And in their reverence for that they are European, not American.

We repeat that we cannot see why the book is called a great American novel; we suppose it is called The House of Mirth because "it is to laugh."

Yerkes—a Type

IT WOULD be worth while if one could understand Charles T. Yerkes, who died the other day. He was a great type. A whole library has been written about John D. Rockefeller, but no one has come within a mile of really explaining him. Morgan, Hill, the elder Armour and the like are often in print, but the heart of their mystery is not plucked out. We are told that Rockefeller succeeded by getting illegal freight rates; but that leaves us exactly where we were before, for nearly all his competitors were trying to do that. Many plunge together into a ruck of strife. Presently one emerges triumphant; the others beaten to their knees. Generally, the true explanation is not that the victor happened to seize such and such a weapon at such and such a moment, but that he had something in his will which the others could not cope with—the mysterious quality of power by which one man dominates a hundred who are placed at equal advantage in all other respects.

For ten years Yerkes stood on Chicago's neck. His street-railroad franchises were expiring. His reputation was bad. Worst of all, he was practically "broke," confessedly owing more than he could pay. His creditors met to dictate terms to him. He calmly told them what terms he would vouchsafe—and all of them accepted. With the funds of the trunk street-car lines which he controlled, he built a system of outlying trolleys, and coolly appropriated it as his personal property. Later he sold his interest in the trunk roads for vastly more than it was worth to an Eastern syndicate. The syndicate discovered that it had got the worst of the deal, and threatened to enforce the undoubted equity of the trunk roads in the outlying trolleys. Yerkes laughed at them. They meekly paid him $6,000,000 to relinquish the trolleys. Then, with a roar of execration in the rear, he went to London, in an entirely new field, dealing with an absolutely different set of conditions, menaced by powerful opposition, and drove his miles and miles of tubes by the power of his will. Many times his success hung on the turn of a hair; it depended upon the yielding of a handful of men gathered in a room. They yielded.

An able man said: "Get in a room with Yerkes and there is no getting away from him." There was something in his will that beat others down. Advanced surgery may deal with this; but not legislation.

THE MILL AT WASHINGTON

Uncle Joseph's Little Game of Chess

BY WILL PAYNE

THE fine tactical battle which developed in the House immediately after Congress convened in January furnishes a convenient illustration of the chess-game by which laws are made.

The Administration — which means the President and Speaker Cannon's House organization — was committed to two measures first, the Two-State Bill, admitting Oklahoma and Indian Territory as one State, and New Mexico and Arizona as one; second, the Philippine Tariff Bill, which proposed to reduce the duty on tobacco and sugar exported from the islands to this country, and thereby put a little tangible benevolence into our assimilation of them. The Republicans have a majority of one hundred and thirty-seven in the House; but, at a party conference held before the holidays, only one hundred and ten of them voted for the Administration's Statehood plans. Sixty-five voted against it — enough, if joined by the Democrats, to defeat it.

The plan was to have the Committee on Rules, which exists for that purpose, report a rule shutting out all amendments to the Statehood Bill, and thereby graphically exemplify Mr. Williams' taunt that the real purpose of the rules is not to gag the minority of the House, but to gag the minority of the Republicans. If this rule were adopted the House would then be obliged either to pass the Two-State Bill as it came from the committee, or defeat it, and deny Statehood to Oklahoma and Indian Territory, which are clearly entitled to it, as well as to Arizona and New Mexico. There is no objection anywhere to the joint admission of Oklahoma and Indian Territory. Some Arizona interests are fighting the joining of that Territory to New Mexico. Under the Administration plan all must stand or fall together.

Tawney, of Minnesota, was the leader of the House opponents to the Two-State Bill. He had taken a party of Congressmen down to the Southwest. People in sympathy with the object of such excursions call it a personal investigation, with the greatest respect. People out of sympathy contemptuously designate it a junket. The Tawney investigators, or junketers, met Arizona men of the class designated by those who like them as leading citizens and representatives of substantial interests, and by those who don't like them as monopolists, tax-dodgers and despoilers of the people. Mr. Tawney came back convinced that it would be a great wrong to yoke the progressive American population of Arizona with the Mexican-Indian breed of New Mexico.

From the Forge to Congress

MR. TAWNEY is an able man who made himself according to the most approved plans. He was a blacksmith, and studied law by the light of the forge — the tallow candle so picturesquely dear to tradition having unfortunately gone out of use before his time. He had had his battles in Congress both for and against the Administration, and in the last Presidential campaign he was in charge of the spellbinders' bureau for the West. In short, he was a rather formidable opposition leader. Presumably Speaker Cannon did not forget that fact when he appointed the Minnesotan chairman of the Appropriation Committee — the most important and powerful office within his gift. This, of course, removed Tawney from the active leadership of the Statehood insurgents.

The Philippine Tariff Bill was mildly opposed by some tobacco men, and very strenuously opposed by the beet-sugar men, who alleged that to open our markets to Philippine sugar at only twenty-five per cent. of the Dingley duty, as proposed, would make the American grower of sugar beets compete with the degraded Asiatic labor of the islands, and ruin the home industry. It is not necessary to go into the figures on this point, since both sides conclusively prove their case from them; nor to attempt an investigation as to whether it would be the beet-grower or the stockholder of the American Beet-Sugar Company who would suffer, if anybody suffered. The fact that the Beet-Sugar Company is not only a flourishing concern itself, but is commonly supposed to be controlled by the still more flourishing Sugar Trust, is also beside the mark.

The point is that this opposition to the bill existed, and was led by Mr. Babcock, of Wisconsin, who would never see a free American farmer or trust stockholder sacrificed to heathen coolie labor if he could help it. It is Mr. Babcock's misfortune that he has that rotundity of person and that ruddy chubbiness of countenance which the cartoonists have led us to associate with stocks and bonds and high tariffs. The beet-sugar affair, like anything else, depends entirely upon the point of view. The various persons who bob up here when its interests are threatened are either unlightened patriots defending a great home industry, or brass-collared lobbyists, as you please. Of course, beet sugar had nothing to do with Statehood, except that both were opposed to Administration plans. On that sufficient ground they coalesced, Mr. Babcock taking the consolidated leadership. The proposition was that the sugar men would assist in blocking the Statehood Bill if the anti-Statehood men would lend a hand in upsetting the Speaker's Philippine Tariff program. On this statesmanlike basis some fast and tall caucusing was done, and the combination gave out jubilantly that it had seventy members pledged — enough, with kindly Democratic help, to overthrow the Administration on both bills.

About the worst legislative misfortune that can befall an Administration is to have its House organization wrecked. That body operates satisfactorily only when securely handcuffed. If the Speaker's hold is once broken anything and everything may happen. This revolt might even imperil the railway-rate plan. It probably constituted the most serious House situation that has confronted the governing party in some years.

On the Saturday before the battle, therefore, Speaker Cannon laid aside the new jeans coat he is so justly proud of and devoted himself to strenuous labor, which he continued on the Sabbath day at his home, and resumed Monday in the Speaker's room at the Capitol. He addressed himself especially to the younger and less experienced insurgents who were not yet hardened in their sin, carefully pointing out to them the horrible example of other young men who had defied their party organization and never were heard of more; explaining that they were conspiring to betray the President and their party into the hands of the foe. One young man came out of the Speaker's room Monday, after listening to Uncle Joseph's powerful exhortation, with an expression half dazed, half wistful, as though he had been listening to a combination of a revivalist's call to the mourners' bench and a court's sentence of imprisonment for life at hard labor.

Uncle Joe Gets Busy

ALSO, the Speaker decided to change the order of procedure, and bring up the Philippine Bill first instead of the Statehood Bill. This, because the sugar insurgents were the weaker, and because the Democrats — whose well-nigh unanimous support would be needed to beat either bill — would not be so ready to defeat a measure which reduced the tariff as one that made two new Republican States. Visitors to the House were surprised to see Republican members objecting to perfectly inconsequential and perfunctory committee bills concerning the District of Columbia. This was not, however, because the members were so vitally interested in the District, but because Mr. Babcock is chairman of the House Committee on the District. The objections were mild reminders that it can be made unpleasant for a man who fights his party organization.

Mr. Littlefield introduced a small bill — not only innocent, but highly virtuous — prohibiting gambling in all Territories. A gentleman of Arizona, who has been active in opposing joint Statehood, enjoys the privilege of operating some very remunerative games of chance out there. Perhaps it was his opposition to Statehood which reminded the Administration of the sinfulness of gambling. It was given out, too, that, if the fight on Statehood became too strenuous, Congress would have to see what it could do about raising the taxes on mines and railroads in the Southwest. So the pieces move on the chess-board — often with most surprising collateral results.

Of course, the mere fact that certain interests enjoy low taxes and other privileges under a territorial government may have nothing to do with their opposition to joint Statehood. You never can tell. Men have been actuated by sordid motives, however, even in regard to Arizona. A man who took an active part in having Arizona and New Mexico made two Territories instead of one left an odd diary in which he said the real object was to create twice as many jobs. He relates that the arrangement was concluded at a supper in Washington, and adds:

"So the slate was made, but toward the last it occurred to my obfuscated brain that my name did not appear on it, and in the language of Daniel Webster I exclaimed:

"'Gentlemen, what is to become of me?'

"Gourley politely replied: 'Oh, we will make you Indian agent.'

"So the bill passed, and Lincoln signed all the commissions, and the supper was paid for, and we were all happy, and Arizona was launched on the political sea."

It is a pleasure to add that the obfuscated diarist was duly made Indian agent — forty-odd years before Speaker Cannon undertook the gallant battle to keep the good ship from falling into the hands of the pirates. It is considered rather good form here to speak of sugar and piracy together. The great saccharine staple has seldom appeared at the Capitol except to make trouble. In the big fight over the Wilson Tariff Bill in Cleveland's time it was the sugar schedule that was the storm centre — out of which arose the last Congressional investigation of charges of bribery.

Senator Hunton, of Virginia, then testified that a Major Buttz had offered his son a fee of $25,000 if the father voted against the bill, and Senator Kyle, of South Dakota, said that Major Buttz had pointedly mentioned $14,000 to him. The Major, however, swore it was a mistake, and denied that he was the agent of any one who was trying to beat the bill, or that he had any money himself. Senator McPherson, of New Jersey, admitted that his son had intended to buy one thousand shares of sugar, but they had talked it over, and decided that it would be indelicate while the bill was pending. The telegram to buy had been written out, however, and was overlooked, and a servant inadvertently sent it off — which led a grave Senator to remark: "We haven't done anything to the Sugar Trust, but we've certainly got McPherson's hired girl on the run."

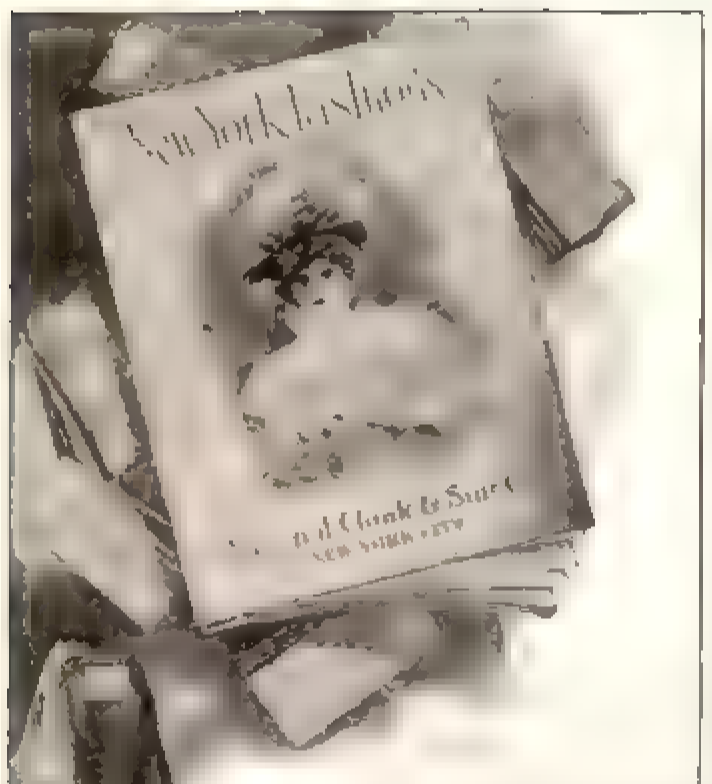
No Sons for the Senate

A CIRCUMSTANTIAL newspaper account about a long night conference between Senators and Sugar Trust magnates in a room in the Arlington Hotel, which was overheard by a wire manufacturer in the next room, rather faded into thin air on the examination of the wire man. The net result of the inquiry — besides uncovering the delinquence of the servant — was that the newspaper correspondent was sent to jail for thirty days.

It may become advisable, by the way, for Senators to give away their sons before assuming office. Recently, while the upper house has been poking away at Panama Canal affairs — with the amiable intention of taking from the President as much power as possible — it has developed that the Commission paid one Markel, of Nebraska, $10,000 to give up a contract it had made with him to feed canal workmen — and that Mr. Markel had given a job to a son of Senator Millard, of Nebraska, chairman of the Senate Canal Committee. Intrinsically, this is probably as important as the Senate's other discovery that the customs duties which the President is collecting in Santo Domingo are being deposited in the National City Bank of New York — a Rockefeller concern. I suppose it might be discovered, with due diligence, that the kerosene with which the President starts the kitchen fire at the White House is made by the Standard Oil Company.

Certainly, Mr. Roosevelt has been sufficiently unhappy in his Santo Domingo venture without any disingenuous reference to the New York bank that was once so liberally used as a brad to jab Secretary Gage with. If ever a man dealt meanly by another it is President Morales, who ran away in Santo Domingo at the very moment when President Roosevelt was impulsively taking him to his bosom in Washington. Naturally, the anti-Administration Senators propose to make the most out of the situation, for every trick they can take from the President at this stage, especially in the way of lowering his prestige, will count one in the great railway-rate contest which looms behind all the preliminary things.

A dozen or more railway-rate bills have already been introduced, including Senator Foraker's, which may be



Our Spring Style Book and Samples Cost You Nothing

[illegible] 185 styles [illegible] New York [illegible] wear [illegible]

You can have as many samples of materials as you wish, [illegible] 450 varieties [illegible]

[illegible] ily as you wish.

We positively guarantee to fit you perfectly and give entire satisfaction or promptly refund your money. We know we can please you.

[illegible] certainly can [illegible]

Spring Suits $4 to $25

Made to Order **New York Styles**

Our Spring Fashion Book illustrates

Shirt-Waist Suits,	$6.00 to $20
Tailor-Made Suits,	7.50 to 25
Silk Suits,	9.75 to 25
Wash Suits (Cotton and Linen)	4.00 to 15
Separate Skirts,	3.50 to 15
Silk Coats,	9.75 to 20
Rain Coats,	8.00 to 20
Jackets and Coats,	5.75 to 15

Also a full line of the new "Pony" Walking Suits, Sailor Suits and demi-tailored Gowns.

We prepay express charges on these garments to any part of the United States, which means a big saving to you.

We Send Free [illegible] Spring Book of New York Fashions, [illegible]

Write to-day; you will receive them by return mail.

National Cloak & Suit Company

119 and 121 West 23d St., New York City

Mail Orders Only No Agents or Branches Est. 17 Years

medicine but looks exactly like candy. The fight, of course, has not really begun. When it does begin many things besides the intrinsic merits of the proposition will doubtless enter into it and influence the result—as I have tried to suggest in glancing at the Statehood and Philippine Tariff affairs. It is a big game. The one whose headquarters are in Wall Street is really much simpler and more direct—but not so picturesque.

Nothing else is so attractive as a row. A proper dog-fight will take all the interest out of a baseball game any time. The fight may start blocks away, but the boys seem to know it at once, and drop their bats. This mysterious scent for trouble is highly developed in Washington. The other day the House corridors were suddenly thronged. Doorkeepers were kept busy sending in cards. Upstairs a long queue of anxious patriots, mostly colored, waited for a chance to get into the public gallery. Mr. Lamar had risen on the floor to relieve his mind of certain uncomplimentary opinions of his leader, John Sharp Williams, and the eloquent Mississippian was replying. It was really better than a dog-fight, and everybody seemed someway to know that it was going on.

It is no wonder, then, that a few days later the Senate galleries were full to see Mr. Spooner conduct his new colleague and old foe, LaFollette, to the bar to take the oath of office. The spectacle was a failure. Not a razor was drawn. Immediately it was over half the crowd left, looking disappointed. Excepting his pacific bearing, however, the new Senator was satisfactory.

He had the bill-board brow and waving pompadour, as advertised, and thereby fulfilled a great man's first duty of looking like his pictures. He had been in his seat—at the far end of the outer rim—only a few minutes when Senator Aldrich urbanely circled the august chamber to shake hands with him. As the two stood smiling and chatting one might see an epitome of the Senate.

A Sub-Cellar Committeeman

LaFollette, as everybody knows, stands for a big public movement, and came here with the prestige of a great popular victory. There appears to be a pretty general agreement as to what Aldrich stands for. It could hardly be described as anything popular. Yet he is, perhaps, the most powerful individual in the Senate, and very likely will be so as long as his faithful Rhode Island Legislature returns him, whereas LaFollette's Senatorial power is accurately gauged by his assignment to the chairmanship of the Committee to Investigate the Condition of the Potomac River at Washington—which might as well be the Committee to Put a Wig on Washington's Statue. Admiring constituents will find his committee-room in the sub-cellar next to the coal-bins.

This is not because the Senate wished to be particularly disagreeable to Senator LaFollette, but because the might and the self-sufficiency of this singular body are so great that to it a new member is simply a new member and nothing more. He goes to the tail of the committees and takes a seat in the corner. No matter what reputation he may have won, or what power he may have developed outside, he has no prestige in the Senate save as he may win it within that body. He may be a big man elsewhere, yet fail to develop as a Senator. Depew, for example, came here with a great reputation and a great backing, yet has never counted particularly in the Senate. Money is by no means the secret. No doubt, Clark, of Montana, is the richest member. Certainly he is one of the least consequential.

There is a fine policy behind all this, as there is behind the rigid rule of seniority which looks so absurd to an outsider. At every committee meeting the Senators are seated at the table in the exact order of their seniority. The mere matter of sitting for a half-hour in one chair rather than another looks trivial, but in fact it involves the most vital of all Senatorial principles.

Mr. Cullom, the pleasant senior member from Illinois, is chairman of the highly important Foreign Affairs Committee not because he is suspected to be overburdened with knowledge of foreign affairs, but because he inherited the position under the rule of seniority. Mr. Lodge, who knows all about foreign affairs this side of Saturn, is merely a subordinate member of the committee. Spooner is probably the ablest

The Handy Oval Cake
Costs but Five Cents
FAIRY

Have you a little "FAIRY" in your home?

FAIRY SOAP

Pure as the thoughts of Childhood

The Health of a Nation depends first upon its cleanliness, and cleanliness depends upon the free use of good soap and water. All soaps do not cleanse—some lather poorly, merely clean off the surface and leave the skin harsh and irritated.

FAIRY SOAP lathers copiously, cleanses the pores thoroughly and makes the skin soft and smooth. It is the one white, floating soap worthy the title of "best."

Ask your grocer for FAIRY SOAP, and do not be content with a substitute.

THE N. K. FAIRBANK COMPANY, Chicago

FAIRY SOAP was awarded The Grand Prize (highest possible honor) over all competitors at the St. Louis Exposition

IS YOUR HOUSE COLD in the MORNING?

Of course it is until the furnace drafts are opened. Don't bother with this yourself. Don't depend on [illegible] The **AUTODRAFT**, a patent [illegible] work on any heater, hot-air, hot [illegible] You can attach it yourself with [illegible] your house or furnace. It does [illegible] do if you were in the [illegible] by allowing banked fire at night an [illegible] tion in the early morning before the [illegible] $5.00 [illegible] send back at our expense [illegible] refund money. [illegible] Send for illustrated booklet [illegible] Agents wanted.

Autodraft Mfg. Co.
135 Broadway,
New York City.

ZERO $5

Seeds, Plants, Roses

Bulbs, Vines, Shrubs, Fruit and Ornamental Trees

[illegible] 40 in hardy roses, none better grown, [illegible] Palms, Ferns, Ficus, Geraniums, Ever-blooming Roses [illegible] Seeds, Plants, Roses, Etc. [illegible] safe arrival and satisfaction guaranteed, [illegible] freight. You will be [illegible] half a hundred choice collections in Seeds, Plants, Roses, Trees, Etc. Elegant 168 page Catalogue FREE. Send for it today and see what values we give for a little money.

THE STORRS & HARRISON COMPANY
Box 226, Painesville, Ohio

THE COLONIAL TRUST COMPANY OF THE CITY OF PITTSBURGH

The Document That GUARANTEES Interest Rate for a long term of years—

The Colonial Endowment Contract

Pay $34.20 every year—for 20 years—then draw out $1000 [illegible] Your money withdrawable, never forfeitable; absolutely safe. Other contracts all guaranteeing interest rate for time chosen—for [illegible] Write for the one which interests you.

THE COLONIAL TRUST COMPANY
PITTSBURGH, PA.
Capital, Surplus and Profits over $10,000,000.00

A Sterling Silver Cigar Cutter

that every smoker will be glad to own. No matter in what part of the [illegible] States you live we will mail one

For One Dollar

postpaid. The R. S. is the handsomest and most satisfactory cutter made. Carried in vest pocket. Lasts for years. Ask your jeweller.

The R. S. Cigar Cutter

Sent postpaid to any address on receipt of One Dollar.

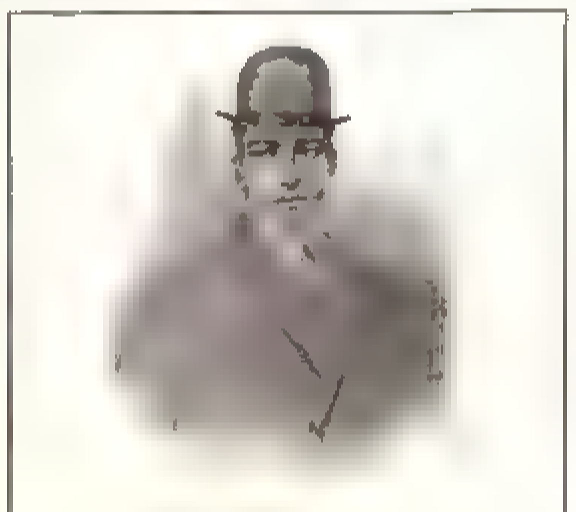
F. H. Dickson, 21A Maiden Lane, N.Y.

PLAYS and Entertainments PLAYS

[illegible] FREE! FREE! FREE!

Address SAM'L FRENCH, 33 West 22d Street, NEW YORK

The first derby made in America was a
C & K
HATS for MEN



The De Luxe
One of the many smart shapes in which Knapp Felts are made

Knapp-Felt is a peculiar combination of the best fur, the most intelligent workmanship and fifty years' experience in making fine hats—it is a wear-resisting fabric of unusual beauty and durability.

Knapp-Felt

hats have noticeable elegance of style and superb quality. The best hatters sell them. Knapp-Felt, De Luxe Quality, is $6. Knapp-Felt $4.

Write for The Hatman
THE CROFUT & KNAPP CO.
840 Broadway, New York.

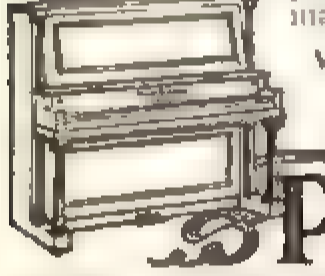
VOSE

Have Been Established
54 Years
and are receiving more favorable comments to-day from an artistic standpoint than all other makes combined.

We Challenge Comparisons.

By our easy payment plan every family in moderate circumstances can own a **vose** piano. We allow a liberal price for old instruments in exchange and deliver the piano in your house free of expense. You can deal with us at a distant point the same as in Boston. Catalogue, books, etc., giving full information mailed free.

Vose & Sons Piano Co.
160 Boylston St.,
Boston, Mass.



PIANOS

SAVE MONEY
by using the
Automatic Cash Book

A system for keeping accurate record of personal and [illegible] ents, investments and returns [illegible]
[illegible] times are made by successf [illegible] sav ngs.
Systematic saving is possible only where expenditures are carefully guarded
[illegible]
THE AUTOMATIC CASH BOOK will save many times [illegible]
[illegible] book, neat, compact and complete. Additional [illegible] May be inserted [illegible]
Send [illegible] AUTOMATIC CASH BOOK [illegible] prepaid [illegible]
[illegible]

W A MARSH
614 Col. Savings & Trust Bldg., COLUMBUS, OHIO

lawyer in the Senate, and under the rule of merit might well aspire to the chairmanship of the Judiciary Committee. Under the seniority rule he cannot. LaFollette is a past master at regulating railway rates, which is the most important question that the Senate will deal with at this session. Under the seniority rule he can devote his talents only to the mud-puddle on the river front.

And the reason for all this is simply to strengthen a Senator's hold on his job. If a new member were given consideration for what he had done outside and assigned to committees according to his talents, legislatures would be more inclined to send new members here — which would be highly disagreeable for some members here now. Under the rigid seniority rule every term that a Senator serves gives him capital for himself and for his State. Senator Cullom is a case in point. Illinois, presumably, has more brilliant sons. If her legislature sends one of them here he will go to the tail of committees and sit in the corner, and she will lose the preferment which Mr. Cullom has won by long service. This is frequently the deciding consideration in a Senatorial election. The Senate would not be averse to seeing it always so.

Not Mr. LaFollette alone, therefore, but all new members, will be carefully delegated to the sub-cellar. Also, they will be kept in end seats unless they have the surprising luck of Senator Heyburn, of Idaho, in drawing a capital prize in the little graveyard lottery which the sergeant-at-arms runs, and which, I believe, it is considered impolite to mention. In the House of Representatives members draw their seats by lots. In the Senate the new member gets whatever is left over, but he can "file" on any seat he chooses. This he does by taking the sergeant-at-arms aside and saying confidentially:

"I notice that Senator ——— has a bad cough. Please put me down for his seat on the middle aisle."

This the sergeant does by a secret memorandum. If the cough develops as anticipated the new member attends the funeral and gets the vacated seat. Mr. Heyburn got the desirable seat of Mr. Platt, of Connecticut, soon after he entered the Senate. Rumors affecting a Senator's political fortunes set up a seat-filing activity, too. The lucky man who first guessed that Fairbanks would become Vice-President secured a desirable location on the aisle thereby. Usually, however, it is death or defeat that makes the chair available, and elderly members with choice seats have been known to grow quite peevish when lusty colleagues with poor seats have displayed marked solicitude over their health, and to regard with suspicion the sergeant-at-arms, whose trusty bosom holds all the secrets of seat-filings.

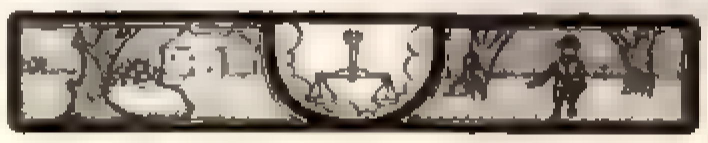
MEMORY

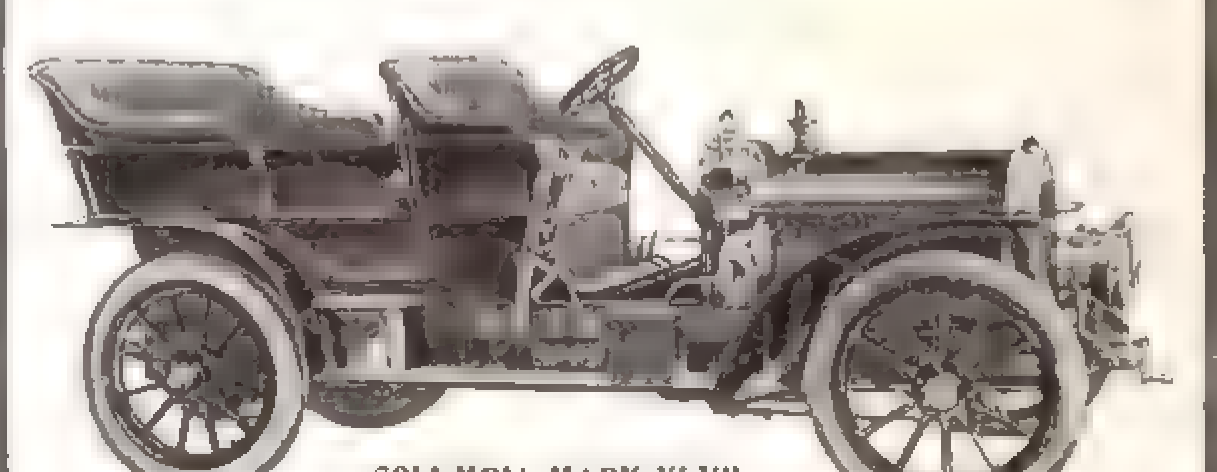
sumtimes wenn u foarget the peace u hadd
to speke in skool the wurld semes offle sadd
ann awl u doo is twisst ure buttunhoal
ann offle mizzery is in ure sole
becaws the moar u think uv it the moar
u kannot reckolleckt ann ore ann ore
u wisht u were a thowsand miles away
depe in the woods ware u kood always stay
ur els u wisht thares sum plais that u noo
the grownd wood oapen up ann swallo u.

then u look awl arownd u ann u sea
ure pairunts sharen awl ure mizzery
ann wishen thay kood start u upp agenn
but awl in vane ann aftur wile wi thenn
the teecher kums ann taiks u ann she ledes
u off the rosstrum ann hur hart jusst bledes
to think uv how u suferd ann uz kwick
uz u are off agenn it maiks u sick
becaws it awl kums back to u uz strate
uz it kan be but then it is too lait.

ann wenn the speekens over ann the gessts
surrownd um awl with goaks ann merry jessts
u stay away becaws u kannot bare
to have um simpathizen with u thare
wenn everybuddys happie. ann u grone
in silunt greef ann want to be aloan
ann neevur see a hewman fais agenn
butt aftur wile ure muther kums an thenn
she kumforts u ann says she duzent kare
ann then ure greef semes eezier to bare.

—*J. W. Foley*





COLUMBIA MARK XLVII

Columbia

construction for 1906 far surpasses the best work previously put into any motor cars American or European. We tell [illegible] about it in our special illustrated booklets, [illegible] "Chrome Nickel Steel," "Last [illegible] Crank Shaft," "Transmission [illegible]" and "Consistent Differences." Each of these booklets will be found intensely interesting to all who follow the latest advances in automobile building. Mailed on application.

The new Columbia Gasoline Models are:

Mark XLIV-2 18 h. p.; two opposed cylinders; shaft drive; double side entrance body seating five persons. Price $1,750

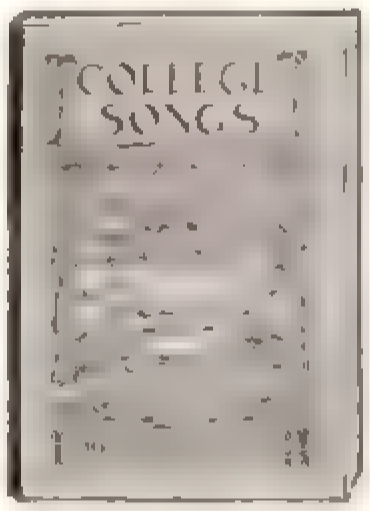
Mark XLVI 24-28 h. p.; four vertical cylinders; shaft drive; seats five. Price, Standard $3,000
Limousine $4,000

Mark XLVII 40-45 h. p.; four vertical cylinders; double chain drive; seats five, with extra drop seats for two.
Prices, Standard $4,500
With Victoria, Limousine or Landaulet Body, $5,000 to $5,500

Separate Catalogues of Columbia Gasoline Cars, Columbia Electric Carriages and Columbia Electric Commercial Vehicles will be sent on request

Electric Vehicle Company, Hartford, Conn.

New York Branch: 134-136-138 West 39th St.; Chicago Branch: 1332-1334 Michigan Ave.; Boston: Columbia Motor Vehicle Co., 74-76-78 Stanhope St.; Philadelphia: Pennsylvania Electric Vehicle Co., 250 North Broad St.; Washington: Washington E. V. Transportation Co., 15th St. and Ohio Ave.; Paris: A. Hirsch, 29 Ave. de la Grande Armée
[illegible]



College Songs

This collection, of which nearly half a million copies have already been sold, has done more to scatter smiles, to brighten dull hours and enliven happy ones than any song book ever published. Here are jolly songs, nonsense songs, convivial songs, plantation melodies, serenades, songs of rollicking swagger and songs of tender sentiment touched with the rosy tint of youth.

Without raising the price, low as it is, or taking out one number, twenty-eight favorites have been added, including the famous Stein Song, Bohunkus, The Pope, Bring the Wagon Home John, Little Old Red Shawl, She's Gone, Let Her Go, Landlord Fill the Flowing Bowl, The Yale Boola Song, and the best five of Foster's Melodies, making an unrivalled collection of 113 songs. The book belongs on every piano, in every house wherever "good fellows get together."

Special Offer: In order to secure a widespread introduction of the new edition we offer copies until the first of March at the special price of 25 cents each, which includes postage to any address. The regular price will be 50 cents.

OLIVER DITSON COMPANY, 27 Mason Street, BOSTON

LE PAGE'S PHOTO PASTE
IN JARS AND TUBES.
For photo or general use. Dries quickly — never [illegible] Largest [illegible] 10c. In [illegible] for large [illegible]
LE PAGE'S MUCILAGE
2 oz. size retails 5c., by mail 10.
LE PAGE'S GLUE — [illegible] mail, 12c. [illegible] RUSSIA CEMENT CO. 131 Essex Avenue, Gloucester, Mass.

I CAN HELP YOU MAKE MONEY
Nothing Pays Like Success in Writing Fiction — 1c. to 5c. a Word
We sell and syndicate stories and book MSS. on commission; we criticise and revise them. **Story Writing** and **Journalism** taught by mail. Our free booklet, "**Writing for Profit**"; tells how [illegible]
The National Press Association
47 The Baldwin Indianapolis, Ind.

CIVIL ENGINEERS
desiring to fit themselves for better paying positions should send for 200-page handbook (**FREE**) describing our **Civil Engineering** course, and over 60 other courses, including **Electrical, Mechanical** and **Steam Engineering, Architecture, Mechanical Drawing, Structural Drafting, Telephony, Textiles**, etc.
American School of Correspondence, Chicago, Ill.

At Last a Perfect Visible Typewriter

The One Typewriter That Correctly Solves the Objections That Have Always Heretofore Been Made Against "Front Strike" Machines.

Visible writing has always been considered as desirable by practically all typewriter manufacturers, but the difficulties to be overcome in construction in order to secure durability have discouraged the very large adoption of these machines. The invention of the method of assembling the type bars as it is done in the Fox Visible has, however, made possible the use of a wide pivotal bearing in the type hanger, thus insuring the most perfect alignment at all times and a durability that is equal to that claimed for any "basket type" machine. In building this new model, we have all the advantage of the knowledge that we have gained in building and placing the regular Fox models on the market and we are able to avoid all those experiments found in new machines which are so expensive to the purchaser.

READ THIS SHORT DESCRIPTION OF

THE NEW FOX VISIBLE

Perfect Visible Writing—entire length of line.

Key Tension—2½ ounces, less by 50 to 100 per cent than others.

Interchangeable Carriage—different lengths of carriage can be quickly substituted.

Two Color Ribbon—either color written by simply touching a button on the keyboard; ribbon both oscillates and reverses automatically.

Ball Bearing Carriage—with a tension of only 1 pound. Test the amount of resistance there is to overcome in "returning" other carriages and note the difference.

Line Lock—keys lock firmly at end of line.

Unprejudiced experts have without hesitation pronounced this machine a marvel.

Ready for delivery now and placed on trial with responsible parties. Descriptive literature sent on request.

We have some desirable territory open. Do you want a profitable Agency?

The regular models of the Fox are still the most perfect machines of their kind and their manufacture will be continued as before.

Fox Typewriter Company

Executive Office and Factory

468 Front St., Grand Rapids, Michigan

Branch Offices and Dealers in Principal Cities

The Passing of Priscilla Winthrop

(Continued from Page 9)

Kansas City and was operated on for appendicitis. She came back very pale and interesting, and gave her club a paper called "Hospital Days," fragrant with iodoform and Henley's poems, and Miss Larrabee told us that it was almost as pleasant as an operation on one's self to hear Mrs. Conklin tell about hers. And they thought it was rather brutal—so Miss Larrabee afterward told us—when Mrs. Worthington went to the hospital one month and gave her famous Delsarte lecture course the next month, and explained to the women that if she wasn't as heavy as she used to be it was because she had had everything cut out of her below the windpipe, including her appendix, her errata, her table of contents and her preface.

There is no doubt at all that the formal rebellion of Mrs. Worthington, dowager Duchess of Grand Rapids, and known of the town's nobility as the Pretender, began with the hospital contest. The Pretender planted her siege-guns before the walls of the temple of the priestess, and prepared for business. And the first manœuvre made by the beleaguered ones was to give a luncheon in the mosque, at which, though it was midwinter, fresh tomatoes and fresh strawberries were served, and a real authoress from Boston talked upon John Fiske's philosophy and, in the presence of the admiring guests, made a new kind of salad dressing for the fresh lettuce and tomatoes. Thirty women who watched her forgot what John Fiske's theory of the cosmos is, and thirty husbands who afterward ate that salad dressing have learned to suffer and be strong. Of course they did not see it made; the spell of the enchantress was not over them; but they maintained, in their homes, that if Priscilla Winthrop didn't know any more about cosmic philosophy than to pay a woman forty dollars—and the whole town knows that is what the woman got—to make a salad dressing like that, the vaunted town of Duxbury, Massachusetts, with its old furniture and new culture, of which Priscilla spoke in such repressed ecstasy, is probably no better than Manitou, Colorado, where they get their Indian goods from Buffalo, New York.

Such is the perverse reasoning of man. And Mrs. Worthington, having lived with considerable of a man for fifteen years, hearing echoes of this sedition, attacked the fortifications of the faithful on its weakest side, and invited the thirty seditious husbands with their wives to a beefsteak dinner, where she heaped their plates with planked sirloin—setting their wives agape—and garnished their sirloin with big, fat, fresh mushrooms, and topped off the meal with a mince-pie of her own decoction, which would make a man leave home to follow it.

The war went on without abatement. During the spring that followed the winter of the beefsteak dinner many skirmishes, minor engagements, ambushes and midnight raids occurred. But the contest was not decisive. For purposes of military drill, the defenders of the Winthrop faith formed themselves into a Whist Club—*The* Whist Club they called it—just as they spoke of Priscilla Winthrop's gowns as "the black and white one," "the blue brocade," "the white china silk," as if no other black and white, or blue brocade, or white china silk gowns had been created in the world before and could not be made again by human hands.

Then Mrs. Worthington went to the National Federation of Women's Clubs, made the acquaintance of the women there who wore clothes from Paris, and besides tracing her ancestry back to the Maryland Calverts—on her mother's side of the house—brought home a membership in the Daughters of the Revolution, the Colonial Dames and a society which claimed a Stuart as the rightful king of England. More than this, Mrs. Worthington had secured the promise of Mrs. Ellen Vail Montgomery, vice-president of the National Federation, to visit Cliff Crest, as Mrs. Worthington called the Worthington mansion.

The week that Ellen Vail Montgomery came to town was a busy one with Miss Larrabee. We turned over the whole fourth page of the paper to her for a daily society page, and charged the Bee Hive and the White Front Dry Goods store people double rates to put their special sale advertisements on that page while the

Gabrilowitsch

YOU may not in mere words describe the emotions that possess you when you hear the tone that has found its full and perfect development in the *Everett* Piano. Nor may it be permitted you to give expression to those attributes inherent in the *Everett* tone that have so profoundly and indescribably moved you. The best authorities in the world will tell you that the *Everett* presents the exalted ideal of piano tone; that it is made by people who know tone, for that portion of the musical elect who are capable of appreciating that indefinable something in piano tone, which moves them to deepest feeling. This superb tone quality has induced such world-wide artists as Reisenauer, Gabrilowitsch, Burmeister, and many other leading pianists to unconditionally endorse the *Everett* Piano and adopt it for their personal use. The eminent authority, Marc Blumenberg, in a review of Reisenauer's triumph with an *Everett* Grand Piano at a recent concert in Carnegie Hall, New York, closed his encomium in the following words:

"When great tone creations are spoken of the EVERETT Piano is included, as a matter of course. And it must be remembered that this means the whole line of instruments, from the small uprights to the large ones, from the short grands to the imperial concert grands they make; it is all just the same principle at work—tone, tone quality, touch to give it life, and all with the single purpose to make these conformable to the most rationally developed theories of the musical art."

Illustrated catalogue free on application

THE JOHN CHURCH COMPANY

CINCINNATI CHICAGO NEW YORK

Owners of the Everett Piano Company, Boston, Mass.

"A Kalamazoo Direct to You"

You save from 20% to 40% by buying a Kalamazoo Stove or Range direct from the factory at **lowest factory prices.** Moreover, you get a stove or range not excelled by any in the world. We guarantee quality under a $20,000 bank bond.

We Ship on

360 DAYS APPROVAL

and We Pay the Freight.

If you do not find the Kalamazoo *exactly* as represented, the trial does not cost you a cent. It will pay you to investigate.

Send Postal for Catalog No. 152

[illegible]

Kalamazoo Stove Co., Mfrs.
Kalamazoo, Mich.

[illegible]

Oven [illegible]meter

Small and large shipments of household goods in through cars

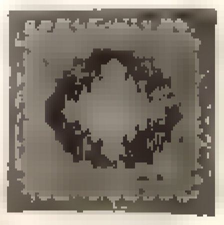
Cheap Freight Rates

To The Pacific Coast

We have special arrangements [illegible] reduced rates. No change of cars, therefore no breakage. Quick service, personal attention to details. For particulars address

Judson Freight Forwarding Company

[illegible] ST. LOUIS, MO. [illegible]



Near-Brussels Art-Rugs, $3.25

Sent to your home by Express, Prepaid

Sizes and Prices	
9 x 6 ft.	$3.25
9 x 7½ ft.	3.75
9 x 9 ft.	4.25
9 x 10½ ft.	4.75
9 x 12 ft.	5.25
9 x 15 ft.	6.25

Beautiful and attractive patterns, choice colorings. Woven in one piece. Both sides can be used. More durable than high priced carpets. Sold to you direct at one profit. Money refunded if not satisfactory.

New Catalogue showing goods in actual colors sent free.

ORIENTAL IMPORTING CO., 687 G Bourse, Philadelphia, Pa.

I Pay $25 for the rare half dollars of 1853, and $5 for the quarters, $40 for the Stellas of 1879, $30 for the gold dollars of 1875 and $50 for the three dollars 1875, $25 for dimes 1894 *m. m.* S. $1 to $250 each for the Territorial coins

CERTAIN COINS WANTED

1849 to 1861, and from $1 to $300 for thousands of other rare coins, stamps and paper money. Send a stamp for an illustrated circular; it may lead to wealth and independence. Address the most reliable coin dealer,

W. von Bergen, Scollay Sq., B, Boston, Mass.

Save Your Tins

and agate ware by using

Solderene

Mends any kind of metal simply, instantly and permanently.

[illegible] hole or joint and rub on Solderene. [illegible] your hardware dealer we will send two [illegible] cents. Full directions enclosed.

[illegible]

SOLDERENE CO., 53 State Street, BOSTON

We pay freight

60 DAYS FREE TRIAL

That's the way we sell the [illegible]. We give you an opportunity of taking off two hatches and thoroughly trying machine. Send it back if not satisfactory. Send for free, illustrated catalog.

AMERICAN BROODER CO.
Box 100, Racine, Wis.

$1. Per Month

[illegible] We Pay the Freight

40 Days Trial [illegible] catalog free.

BUCKEYE INCUBATOR CO., Box 21, Springfield, O.

IT PAYS men with small capital to give Public Exhibitions with a **Magic Lantern, Stereopticon** or **Moving Picture Outfit.** Catalogue free.

McALLISTER MFG OPTICIAN
49 Nassau Street, New York

Shirtwaist Book GIVEN

Write for it today.

HOW TO MAKE
A SHIRT WAIST
RICHARDSON SILK CO
CHICAGO

Fully Illustrated

To every woman who sends us her [illegible] ten cents to pay for a full 100-yard spool of **Richardson's Grand Prize Sewing Silk** white or black, we will send free and postpaid **in addition to the silk,** our new book **"How to Make a Shirtwaist."** This Book is especially written for us by a celebrated authority on home sewing, fully illustrated and made so clear that anyone who can use a needle can learn to make stylish and beautiful shirtwaists using any pattern or making her own, without other assistance than the Book. It will also give [illegible] new ideas of value to the most experienced housewife. This Special Offer is made to place

RICHARDSON'S SILK
SHADE 42
RICHARDSON'S SEWING SILK

(Grand Prize at Paris Exposition)

directly in the hands of new users. We have a complete series of twelve Illustrated Booklets on Home Sewing by the same expert, comprising a complete education in practical needlework, which **can be obtained** by all Richardson Sewing Silk users **without cost.**

Write us for our Shirtwaist Book today, enclose 10 cents, stamp or dime, and say whether white or black silk is wanted.

RICHARDSON SILK CO.
Clerk 92 220-224 Adams St., Chicago, Ill.

A Smaller Shoe

can often be worn with greatest comfort by buying the

Worth Cushion Sole Shoe

COMFORT
STYLE
DURABILITY
WORTH CUSHION SOLE

because the foot closely fits into the cushion sole, which exactly conforms to the shape of the foot, and the shoe is therefore more comfortable and healthful. Made in many styles. These shoes are waterproof, and especially please young people who desire to wear stylish shoes without rubbers.

Men's $4 & $5. Women's $3.50

Ask dealer for them. If he hasn't them send us [illegible] and we will mail you catalogue giving illustrated description of many shoes, find a way to supply you.

THE CUMMINGS CO.
406 Washington St. Boston, Mass.

GIVEN AWAY

[illegible]

To introduce quickly

Size 5 inches

HONEYCOMB FLAT IRON WAXER and CLEANER
DIRECTIONS
CHAS C BONAR & CO EVANSTON ILL

Price 10c

At Grocers, etc.

It [illegible] waxes and cleans the flat iron **at one stroke.** See the [illegible] indestructible, corrugated "comb," which is saturated with our special **refined wax**, prepares the iron for the finest work. Makes **IRONING A PLEASURE** [illegible] **pays for itself** each week [illegible] **at once.** If he hasn't the "**Honeycomb**" send us his name with a 2c. stamp and you will get the waxer **by return mail.**

CHAS. C. BONAR & CO., Dept. P 3, Evanston, Ill.

WE PAY 6% ON DEPOSITS

"Saving Money by Mail" on request

EQUITABLE BANKING AND LOAN COMPANY,
Macon, Georgia

"National Vice," as the Young Prince called her, was in town. For the "National Vice" brought the State President and two State Vices down, also four District Presidents and six District Vices, who, as Miss Larrabee said, were monsters "of so frightful mien, that to be hated need but to be seen." The entire delegation of visiting stateswomen—Vices and Virtues and Beatitudes as we called them—were entertained by Mrs. Worthington at Cliff Crest, and there was so much Federation politics going on in our town that the New York Sun took five hundred words about it by wire, and Colonel Alphabetical Morrison said that, with all those dressed-up women about, he felt as though he were living in a Sunday supplement.

The third day of the ghost-dance at Cliff Crest was to be the day of the big event—as the office parlance had it. The ceremonies began at sunrise with a breakfast to which half a dozen of the captains and kings of the besieging host of the Pretender were bidden. It seems to have been a modest orgy, with nothing more astonishing than a new gold-banded china set to dishearten the enemy. By ten o'clock Priscilla Winthrop and The Whist Club had recovered from that. But they had been asked to the luncheon—the star feature of the week's round of gayety. It is just as well to be frank, and say that they went with fear and trembling. Panic and terror were in their ranks, for they knew a crisis was at hand. It came when they were "ushered into the dining-hall," as our paper so grandly put it, and saw in the great oak-beamed room a table laid on the polished bare wood—a table laid for forty-eight guests, with a doily for every plate, and every glass, and every salt-cellar, and—here the mosque fell on the heads of the howling dervishes—forty-eight soup-spoons, forty-eight silver-handle knives and forks, forty-eight butter-spreaders, forty-eight spoons, forty-eight salad forks, forty-eight ice-cream spoons, forty-eight coffee spoons. Little did it avail the beleaguered party to peep slyly under the spoon-handles—the word "Sterling" was there, and, more than that, a large, severely plain "W" with a crest glared up at them from every piece of silver. The service had not been rented.

And when the meal was over it was Mrs. Ellen Vail Montgomery, in her thousand-dollar gown, worshiped by the eyes of forty-eight women, who put her arm about Priscilla Winthrop and led her into the conservatory, where they had "a dear, sweet quarter of an hour," as Mrs. Montgomery afterward told her hostess. In that dear, sweet quarter of an hour Priscilla Winthrop Conklin unbuckled her social sword and handed it to the conqueror, in that she agreed absolutely with Mrs. Montgomery that Mrs. Worthington was "perfectly lovely," that she was "delighted to be of any service" to Mrs. Worthington; that Mrs. Conklin was sure no one else in our town was so admirably qualified for "National Vice" as Mrs. Worthington, and that "it would be such a privilege" for Mrs. Conklin to suggest Mrs. Worthington's name for the office. And then Mrs. Montgomery, "National Vice" and former State Secretary for Vermont of the Colonial Dames, kissed Priscilla Winthrop, and they came forth wet-eyed and radiant, holding each other's hands. And when the company had been hushed by the magic of a State Vice and two District Virtues, Priscilla Winthrop rose and in the sweetest Kansas Bostonese told the ladies that she thought this an eminently fitting place to let the visiting ladies know how dearly our town esteemed its most distinguished townswoman, Mrs. Julia Neal Worthington, and that entirely without her solicitation—indeed quite without her knowledge—the women of our town—and she hoped of our beloved State—were ready now to announce that they were unanimous in their wish that Mrs. Worthington should be National Vice-President of the Federation of Women's Clubs, and that she, the speaker, had entered the contest with her whole soul to bring this end to pass. Then followed hand-clapping and handkerchief-waving and—some tears, and a little good, honest Irish hugging.

There was the usual clatter of home-going wagons; lights winked out of kitchen windows; the tinkle of distant cowbells was in the air; on Main Street the commerce of the town was gently ebbing, and man and Nature seemed utterly oblivious of the great event that had happened. The course of human events was not changed; the great world rolled on, while Priscilla Winthrop went home to a broken shrine to sit among the potsherds.

Merrill and Baker's Failure

PLACES IN OUR HANDS THE REMAINDER OF THEIR GREATEST PUBLICATION

Ridpath's History of the World

Weighs 55 lbs.

New, perfect books, latest edition, beautifully bound in Half Morocco, at

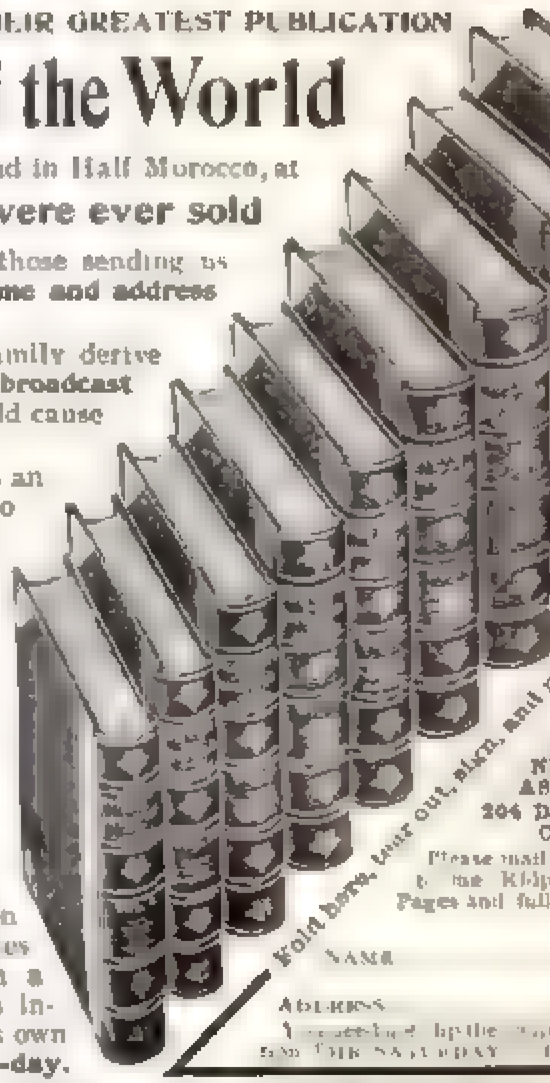
LESS than even DAMAGED SETS were ever sold

We will name our price only in **direct letters** to those sending us the Coupon below. **Tear off the Coupon, write name and address plainly, and mail to us now before you forget it.**

Dr. Ridpath is dead, his work is done, but his family derive an income from his History, and **to print our price broadcast** for the sake of more quickly selling these few sets would cause **great injury to future sales.**

The reason for Dr. Ridpath's enviable position as an historian is his wonderfully beautiful style, a style no other historian has ever equaled. He pictures the great historical events as though they were happening before your eyes; he carries you with him to see the battles of old; to meet kings and queens and warriors; to sit in the Roman Senate; to march against Saladin and his dark skinned followers; to sail the southern seas with Drake; to circumnavigate the globe with Magellan; to watch that thin line of Greek spearmen work havoc with the Persian hordes on the field of Marathon; to know Napoleon as you know Roosevelt. He combines absorbing interest with supreme reliability and makes the heroes of history real living men and women, and about them he weaves the rise and fall of empires in such a fascinating style that history becomes intensely interesting. 200,000 Americans own and love Ridpath. **Send Coupon To-day.**

$1 Only
brings the complete set, balance small sums monthly



Fold here, tear out, sign, and mail

Mail [illegible]

WESTERN NEWSPAPER ASSOCIATION
204 Dearborn St.
Chicago

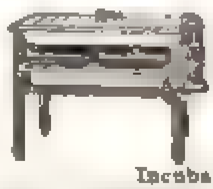
Please mail without cost to me Ridpath Sample Pages and full particulars.

NAME

ADDRESS

[illegible] THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

$9,000 Poultry Catalogue



40 varieties Turkeys, Geese, Ducks, [illegible]

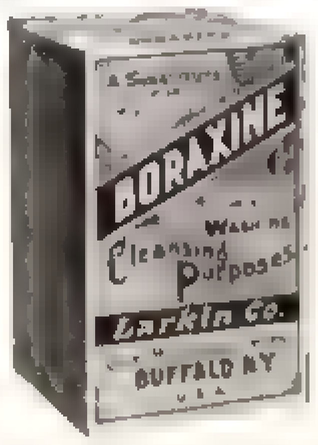
Incubators 30 Days Free Trial.
J. R. Brabazon, Jr. & Co., Box 33, Delavan, Wis.

PATENT SECURED

Or Fee Returned. FREE opinion as to patentability. Send for Guide Book and What to Invent, finest publications issued for free distribution. Patents secured by us advertised for sale at our expense.

EVANS WILKENS & CO., 667 F St. Washington, D. C.

YOU SAVE $10



$10 WORTH OF LARKIN SOAPS and FOOD PRODUCTS
and a
$10 PREMIUM
ALL FOR $10

OVER three million people can tell you that Larkin Factory-to-Family dealing saves them much money. Every time you buy $10.00 worth of Larkin Products, consisting of **Laundry and Toilet Soaps, Toilet Articles, Coffee, Teas, Spices, Baking Powder, Extracts, etc.,** you get the saved expenses and profits of middlemen in a $10.00 Premium free. Several hundred Premiums to choose from—everything a home requires—all please in design, workmanship and finish. Or, instead of a Premium, you can have another $10.00 worth of Larkin Products, total $20.00 worth, for $10.00; a double retail value which no storekeeper can possibly afford to give.

FREE—This handsome $10.00 Oak, five-drawer Chiffonier given with $10.00 worth of Larkin Products.

LARKIN PRODUCTS
Standard of Excellence

All users of Larkin Products declare their superior quality. Our food Products are absolutely pure, meeting all the most rigid food-law requirements. A single order will prove their merits. We guarantee return of your money if goods are not satisfactory after 30 days' trial.

Send coupon today. Learn to save money easily and furnish your home without cost.

Larkin Co.
Established, 1875. BUFFALO, N. Y.

CUT HERE—MAIL TODAY
LARKIN CO. Please mail, postpaid, Premium List No. 91 and Booklet of Larkin Products.
Name
Street
P.O.
State

When you speak of a "ten-cent cigar" you mean a cigar that costs *you* ten cents.

Shivers' Panatela
[illegible]

The same cigar is to the manufacturer a "$40 per M.," or 4c. cigar; to the jobber a "$50 per M.," or 5c. cigar, and to the retailer a "$60 per M.," or 6c. cigar.

Intrinsically, that cigar is worth as much when the manufacturer appraises it at $40 per M. as it is when the retailer hands it over his counter as a "ten-cent straight." The difference between 4c. and 10c. is what it costs to get the cigar from the manufacturer to you along the old-fashioned trade turnpike with three toll gates.

Now, suppose you go to the maker of your cigars and say to him: "Sell me my cigars at wholesale and I'll take them home myself across lots."

"Oh, no," he will reply, "that wouldn't be fair to the retailer, who has bought my cigars to sell at retail price."

I am a maker of cigars who has never sold a cigar to a jobber or retailer to sell again. Hence I am under no obligations to "the trade." I invite the man who objects to paying for the privilege of allowing a retailer to sell him a cigar—who wants to buy his cigars at cost, without the arbitrarily added expenses of the jobber and retailer. To prove that I actually do sell my cigars at wholesale prices I offer them under the following conditions:

MY OFFER IS:—I will, upon request, send one hundred Shivers' Panatela Cigars on approval to a reader of The Saturday Evening Post, express prepaid. He may smoke ten cigars and return the remaining ninety at my expense, if he is not pleased with them; if he is pleased, and keeps them, he agrees to remit the price, $5.00, within ten days.

The fillers of these cigars are clear Havana of good quality—not only clear, but long clean Havana—no shorts or cuttings are used. They are Cuban *hand made*, by the best of workmen. The making has much to do with the smoking qualities of a cigar. The wrappers are genuine Sumatra.

In ordering, please enclose business card or give personal references, and state whether mild, medium or strong cigars are desired.

HERBERT D. SHIVERS
915 Filbert Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

WABASH COASTER WAGON

"Fun for all—all the year."

[illegible]

The Wabash Wagon is the most sensible toy a child can own—it combines fun with usefulness, satisfactorily and completely. **Price $4.00.**

Write for the jolliest book of the day, "Fun with a wagon," we send it free.

Wabash Manufacturing Co.
3 Mill Street, Wabash, Ind.

Write to-day

Catalog free with full information

Motsinger Auto-Sparker
starts and runs
Gas Engines without Batteries.

[illegible] Water and dust proof. Fully guaranteed.

MOTSINGER DEVICE MFG CO.
18 Main Street, Pendleton, Ind., U. S. A.

AN EMOTIONAL FINANCIER

(Continued from Page 7)

Her brow clouded for a moment; then she smiled happily.

"It must have been an inspiration," she declared, "that led me to order a big extra supply of material."

"You ordered ——" He was so overwhelmed that he could not finish the sentence. "You don't order the supplies," he finally managed to say.

"Well, I did this time," she explained.

"Handsome man?" he asked.

"No; but it was such a bargain that I couldn't resist—really, I couldn't."

"We haven't the room or the men to handle this extra material," he said wearily. "I'm afraid the directors will think you've exceeded your authority."

"Won't that be too bad?" she exclaimed, but she seemed to be sorry for the directors rather than for herself.

Then she sent for Willard Thomas again.

"What do you think about this?" she asked.

"Well," he replied cautiously, "I'm in the sales department, so perhaps I'm prejudiced. I never did think we advertised enough."

"I'm so glad!" she exclaimed. "I want my policy to suit some one. It suits you, doesn't it?"

"Yes."

"Even in the Graham matter?" His previous criticism of that seemed to trouble her.

"It doesn't seem quite fair to string people along in uncertainty when you know what you're going to do," he argued.

"But I don't know what I'm going to do," she said. "Why, I'm a girl."

"Then you can't very well have a business policy."

"Can't I?"

"I don't see how. And you ought not to have one."

"Really?" She seemed to be amused. "I suppose, if you had anything to say about it, you wouldn't let me have one."

The bare suggestion of exercising such control brought the blood to his face and made his heart work overtime.

"I wouldn't," he declared.

"Well, what am I going to do about this business trouble?" she asked, suddenly changing the subject. "They tell me I'm rushing the business beyond our facilities."

"Why not increase the facilities?" he returned. "Men are always to be had, and there's a vacant building next door."

"Just the thing!" she exclaimed joyfully. "And I really ought to have a manager who is in sympathy with my policy; so I'll make you manager."

This was the way she explained her action to Holcomb the next day, too. And also to Galvin.

"Really," she said, "I must have a manager who is in sympathy with the policy of the company."

"But you can't do this!" insisted Holcomb.

She opened her eyes in astonishment.

"But I have done it," she said.

Holcomb looked up Wainwright.

"You can quit," he told that young man gruffly.

"But I don't want to quit," returned Wainwright.

"We've given you all the time we can afford to, and you've failed the company miserably," said Holcomb. "It's too late now. We've got to act."

"What do I care about the old company?" retorted Wainwright. "I want the girl."

"Well, why in thunder didn't you take her?" demanded Holcomb irritably. "She's changed the whole basis upon which we were negotiating for a consolidation. She has loaded us up with new contracts and new material, and we're getting in new business. I'm going to see Galvin and patch up a truce long enough to get the thing straightened out and see where we stand."

He did see Galvin, and he found that gentleman ready to listen to almost any proposition. Her administration certainly had not been of a nature to commend itself to the conservatives. Galvin fairly exploded when the subject was mentioned.

"She increased the salary of one man because he had a pretty baby!" he exclaimed. "Did you know that?"

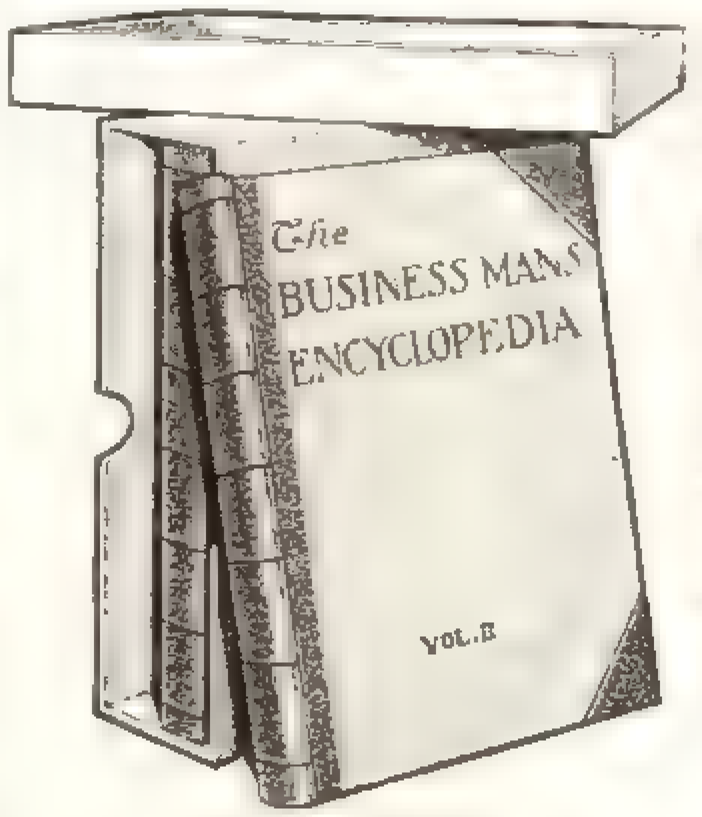
"No."

"Well, she did. The man's wife happened to come to the office with the youngster, and Miss Barnett raved over it for half

HOW TO GET THE

Business Encyclopedia Free

At a cost of thousands of dollars, with the aid of twenty-seven business experts, we have compiled a complete, compact Business Man's Encyclopedia. We have clipped, extracted, preserved business data from thousands of different sources—from magazines, newspapers, books, correspondence courses, from actual business experience. And all this data we have boiled down, classified, arranged and indexed into one complete business Britannica.



"SPECIAL EDITION"

There are dozens of books on accounting, advertising, salesmanship, business letter writing and other branches of [illegible]

[illegible] Moreover, these experts [illegible]

And there are equally important [illegible] Advertising, Business Correspondence, Business Management, Salesmanship, Science of Accounts, Rapid Calculation, Business Law, Traffic, Proofreading, etc., etc.

Experienced Business Men, Manufacturers, Bankers, Credit Men, Accountants, Correspondents, Advertising Writers, Merchants, Office Managers—[illegible] office, on your desk, or in your library.

If You Want to Know How to

- —incorporate
- —form partnership
- —sell goods
- —write advertisements
- —prepare business letters
- —read proof
- —buy office supplies
- —handle accounts
- —manage a factory
- —employ labor

If You Want

- —postal information
- —shipping rates
- —business formulas
- —tables of interest
- —patent laws
- —copyright laws
- —business abbreviations
- —Wall Street terms

If You Want to Know Anything About Business

Consult this Encyclopedia. It contains complete specific information on a thousand and one different subjects—all carefully indexed for INSTANT reference.

The way to get these two volumes is through

SYSTEM
The Magazine of Business

[illegible] to business success. And so is SYSTEM, the magazine. [illegible] all the new business tricks that save [illegible] plete advertising, selling [illegible] The price of SYSTEM is $2.00 a year. [illegible] that to any alert man with his eyes on the main chance.

[illegible]

Send $2.00 to-day while you have it in mind. We will send you a substantially bound set of the Business Man's Encyclopedia—in two volumes [illegible]

SPECIAL [illegible] $1.00 [illegible] $3.00 [illegible] and we will bind the books [illegible] in the finest flexible Morocco and gold the edges.

Edited by A. W. SHAW

Regular Departments

- Building a Sales Force
- Organizing an Advertising Department
- Organizing a Factory
- Business Correspondence
- Credits and Collections
- Talks to Salesmen
- Systems in Banking
- System in Shipping
- Systems for the Retailer
- Real Estate and Insurance
- System in the Professions
- Short-Cuts that Save
- The Business Review
- Successful through System (Biographical)
- Answered by Experts

THE SYSTEM COMPANY
New York **Desk O, CHICAGO** London

Banking by Mail

offers superior advantages to people who either do not have safe banking facilities at home or cannot get

4 per cent. interest

on their savings deposits. Send for booklet "A" which gives interesting facts about Cleveland as a commercial center and tells you how you can bank here, wherever you live.

Capital and Surplus $2,850,000
Resources $28,000,000

Fifty-three thousand depositors

Solid as a rock

The Cleveland Trust Company
CLEVELAND, OHIO

The "VALET" Chair

Presses and creases the trousers over night, takes care of [illegible] to $1.00 a week. [illegible]

Sent on Trial

Hardesty Mfg. Co., Dept. N, Canal Dover, Ohio

$513.00 Clear Profit in 51 Days from an Investment of $135.00

is the result of the operation of one of our Box Ball Alleys in Sullivan, Ind.

(PATENTED)

Here is your opportunity to start a BIG PAYING BUSINESS with small capital. BOX BALL is the NEW Bowling Game. [illegible]

AMERICAN BOX BALL COMPANY, 1300 Van Buren St., Indianapolis, Ind.

HARDY EVERGREENS

We grow them by the million. [illegible]

The Gardner Nursery Co., Box 733, Osage, Ia.

Government Positions

50,830 Appointments were made to Civil Service places during the past year. [illegible]

COLUMBIAN CORRESPONDENCE COLLEGE
Washington, D. C.

REDUCED RATES on Household goods to or from Colorado, California, Washington and Oregon.
BEKINS HOUSEHOLD SHIPPING CO.
95½ Washington St., Chicago

I always sign my lamp-chimneys MACBETH. An unsigned lamp-chimney is worthless — almost as worthless as an unsigned check.

Makers of poor lamp-chimneys hide behind the dealers.

I put my name on mine.

Let me send my Index to Chimneys — it's free. Address

MACBETH, Pittsburgh.

$1000 earns in one year $40.40

4%

Interest Compounded Semi-Annually

will double the principal in 17½ years.

A DAILY SAVING OF $1.00

deposited with us regularly at 4% will in 10 years amount to $4500. Our free booklet No. 4 on Banking by Mail gives the names of our Directors and tells about Savings Deposits and about our

4% Coupon Certificates of Deposit

A new and [illegible] form of savings investment. Safety assured by our Capital, Surplus and Profits of $6,000,000.00 — [illegible]

PITTSBURG TRUST CO.
PITTSBURG, PA.

A Free Book About
INCUBATORS

For your own sake don't buy an incubator until you read our book. It's written by the man who knows most about incubating — a man who devoted 24 years to the problem. It tells vital facts that you must know to buy wisely — facts you would not think of. It tells of Racine Incubators and Brooders, of course, but whether you buy ours or another, the facts are important. The man who writes the book made the Racine Incubator. When you learn what he knows you will want his machine, we think. The book is free. Write today for it. **Remember, We Pay the Freight.**

Address
RACINE HATCHER CO., Box 96, Racine, Wis.
Warehouses: Buffalo, Kansas City, St. Paul

WHY NOT LEARN SIGN PAINTING?

Show Card Writing or Lettering

Only field not overworked. Separate courses. Ours is the only [illegible] and personal instruction. We teach by mail and guarantee success. Easy terms. Write for large, interesting FREE catalogue.
The Detroit School of Lettering, Dept. B, Detroit, Mich.
"Oldest and Largest School of its Kind."

an hour. Then she raised the father's salary. When Davis spoke to her about it, she just said: 'But it's such a pretty baby!' And she dropped Davis later because he flattered."

"What?"

"That's what she told me. She said his work might be all right, but he tried to flatter her, and a flatterer was not a man to be trusted. We've got to put a stop to this topsy-turvy management."

"We have," said Holcomb solemnly.

So there was an informal caucus of all the directors except the president, and news of this caucus came to Miss Barnett.

"I'm afraid I'm going to be put out of business," she remarked to Willard Thomas.

"Well, you know my sentiments on that subject," he returned frankly.

"Oh, but you never said anything about putting me out of business!" she argued. "You're idea seemed to be that I ought to be taken out of business, which is a very different thing. It isn't so humiliating to be taken out of business."

"Oh, if I only dared hope that you'd let me ——" He had blurted out this much before a realization of his position gripped him. He was an employee, called to the president's office for a consultation, and she was the president.

"I think we'd better talk business," she said with a smile. "Perhaps it's time for me to be relieved, for I seem to have got the company in a good deal of a tangle. But it's a woman's privilege to make trouble and then turn her puzzles over to a man."

"Trouble!" he exclaimed. "I'd just like to face the directors with the knowledge I've gleaned from the books."

"What would you do?" she asked.

"I'd demonstrate that neither of their policies is right. I can show by the books that we can't afford to sell or consolidate on the terms offered by the Graham Company. Your policy has brought that out. And I can show that we ought to do double the business the conservative management would ever let us do. Your policy has brought that out, too."

"Has it?"

"Well, rather!"

"Then I must have had a policy," she remarked thoughtfully. "I never knew just what it was."

"You handled advertising as if you weren't afraid of it, for one thing," he explained. "A good many advertisements look like apologies. Then you had the courage to risk money on future business."

"Oh, that isn't hard, when you only have to put your name on a piece of paper," she said cheerfully. "I wouldn't have dared do it with real money. But they'll put me out just the same."

"Oh, Helen ——"

"Sir!"

"I've got to tell you! I want you ——"

"Sir!"

"I beg your pardon."

Humble and crestfallen, he was leaving when Holcomb and Galvin appeared, and she called him back.

"I'm so glad you've come at such an opportune time," she said smilingly to these representatives of the dissatisfied directors. "I was just sending you my resignation."

"Your resignation!" repeated Holcomb.

"Yes. I'm so sorry, but other more important interests make it necessary. If your business concerns the company I think you'd better talk with Mr. Thomas."

"I don't think we have anything to take up with Mr. Thomas now," said Holcomb.

"You can't tell," insisted the girl pleasantly. "He can tell you some things about this business you don't know, and it's always well to consult a little with the heavy stockholders."

"I never knew that Mr. Thomas was a stockholder," said the puzzled Holcomb.

"He isn't," was the smiling answer, "but he'll get quite a little stock with me, and I thought possibly the policy of the company would permit you to look a few weeks into the future. I think that's all to-day, gentlemen. The resignation will reach you by mail, and you can discuss matters with Willard—Mr. Thomas—any time."

The two men retired in a daze, feeling that they had suffered some sort of a defeat that they could neither explain nor understand. In their preoccupation they inadvertently closed the door of the president's office as they went out. When the door was again opened Thomas appeared, looking very happy, and any one looking in would have discovered that Helen Barnett was also very happy—and was blushing.

I&R COURT PURVEYORS
BENSDORP'S
ROYAL DUTCH
COCOA
AMSTERDAM-HOLLAND
Try This Cocoa For C
IN PLACE OF CAKE

It's Economy combined with Quality.

BENSDORP'S
ROYAL DUTCH
COCOA

is the Best and at the same time Cheapest. Its Double Strength saves

½

in either price or quantity. This is a fact; you can prove it by buying the Cocoa with Yellow Wrapper.

Send 10 cents for sample can.
STEPHEN L. BARTLETT CO., Boston, Mass.

Investigate the Poultry Business

Write for a copy of my book which describes the profitable combinations of Egg, Broiler, and Roaster Farms.

It gives the prices paid for eggs and poultry week by week for the past three years. It tells how and when a hatch taken off each week in the year could be most profitably marketed. It shows how you can make $[illegible] on a large [illegible] It tells what profit can be made with each of the popular breeds, and the costs of production.

I have helped thousands to make money with poultry. [illegible] without your spending a dollar uselessly.

Send for my complete literature.

CHAS. A. CYPHERS
3914 Henry Street Buffalo, N. Y.

SHORTHAND IN 30 DAYS

You can learn in spare time in your own home no matter where you live. [illegible] newspaper reporters. Lawyers, ministers, teachers, [illegible] and business men and women may now learn [illegible] Send today for free booklet, testimonials, offer, etc.

CHICAGO CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOLS
928 Chicago Opera House Block, Chicago, Ill.

AN INVITING FIELD

A legitimate business [illegible] profits with very small capital with a

PETTYJOHN
Concrete Block
Machine

An opportunity [illegible] PAYING BUSINESS [illegible] capital. If you are going to build a home you should have it. Whole outfit costs only $125.00. Sand, Water and Cement only materials required. One man can make 200 blocks daily. Machine sent on trial.

WRITE FOR PARTICULARS.

THE PETTYJOHN COMPANY. 606 N. Sixth Street, Terre Haute, Ind.

$25.00

If You Earn Less

I can HELP your Salary or Income by teaching you how to write advertising [illegible]

My System of Instruction by Mail is the only one in existence [illegible] the history of correspondence instruction. If you are interested, I will show you how to earn from $25 to $100 per week.
Geo. H. Powell, 1709 Temple Court, N. Y.

Per Week

The Water Problem Solved

at small expense. If you have running water within a mile of where you want it, we can automatically pump it for you. Write for catalogue. Raises water 35 feet for every foot fall. Requires no fuel.
Niagara Hydraulic Engine Company, 140 Nassau St., N. Y.

Crooked Legs

made to appear straight by the PERFECT LEG FORM [illegible]

Wear them 10 days. Your money back if not satisfied.

Price two dollars ($2.) Sent in plain package with complete instructions. Correspondence confidential.

THE SYM-FORM CO
222 Monroe Street, Chicago

MAKE MONEY FROM HENS.

You can hardly fail if you use the 1906-pattern **Standard Cyphers Incubator,** guaranteed to hatch More and Healthier Chicks than any other. 90 days trial. Complete [illegible] 228 pages [illegible] Free [illegible]

Cyphers Incubator Company
Buffalo, Boston, Chicago, New York, Kansas City or San Francisco.

DON'T SEND MONEY
TRY CIGARS FIRST!

ROBERTS'
Clear
Havana Smokers
$5.50 PER HUNDRED We Pay Express

Our Offer

Upon request, we will send you 100 Roberts Clear Havana Smokers, express prepaid, with the understanding that if, after you have smoked ten of them, you do not find them satisfactory you may return the remaining go at our expense. If you like them, remit the price, $5.50, in ten days.

You know that we could not [illegible]

MADE IN TAMPA

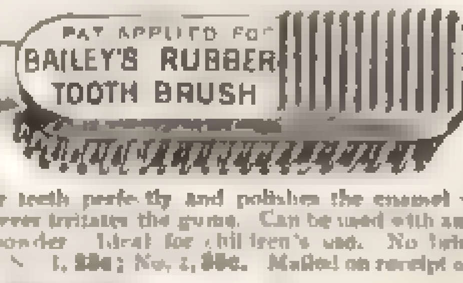
Get your Cigars direct from our factory, located in the Havana [illegible]

We Require no Money in Advance and Make no C. O. D. Shipments

[illegible] are desired.

[illegible] long.

J. W. Roberts & Son
Department "C"
TAMPA, FLA.



It's the Flat-Ended Teeth

With circular biting edges, [illegible] the pores, and give new life to the whole body.

Bailey's Rubber Brushes

Are all made this way. It's the right way. Millions in use. Bailey's name on every brush. Accept no others. Beware of imitations. Brush 50c., Soap 10c., mailed.

Cleans the teeth perfectly and polishes the enamel without injury. Never irritates the gums. Can be used with any tooth wash or powder. Ideal for children's use. No bristles to [illegible] No. 1, 25c; No. 2, 35c. Mailed on receipt of price

Baby's Teeth
cut without irritation.

The flat-ended teeth of Bailey's Teething Ring expand the gums, keeping them soft, comforts and amuses the child, preventing [illegible] infantum? *Mailed for the price* [illegible] Rubber Catalogue Free

C. J. BAILEY & CO., 22 Boylston St. Boston Mass.

Collect stamps for amusement! Big List and
50 DIFFERENT FOREIGN STAMPS SENT FREE
Pocket album, 5c. Approval sheets also sent. 50% com.
NEW ENGLAND STAMP CO., 9 K Bromfield St., BOSTON

HEAP BIG BEAR STORIES

(Concluded from Page 5)

and sot down by the piggin. 'I reckon I'll find it easier in the mornin',' he was thinkin'. And till mornin' there he stayed.

"Come daylight, though, he seemed to be feelin' entirely different. The bummins had worked in him jest t'other way round from how it does in a man. If he'd been madded at first, now he was feelin' gay and joyous. I don't doubt at all but what I might have come down in safety then; but I decided it'd be shorer to watch him a *leetle* longer, anyway. And by sunup he was walkin' around in circles with his tongue out, smilin' at every tree he met. 'I jest reckon,' I could hear him say—'I jest reckon I'm about the finest-lookin' b'ar in the Great Smokies! I reckon I got more money to spend, too—and am spendin' it freer! I'm a pretty fine feller, *I* guess!'

"Then he was quiet for some leetle time, a-rollin' up an' down and *feelin' strong*. In fact he feels so strong it plum' astonishes him. 'By grinders,' he says, 'I shorely never knowed I was so strong before! I ain't got any pick on nobody around h'ar, but I reckon if I got to *fightin'*——' And then, as if he jest makes up his mind it's his *duty* to do it, he starts down to the n'arest pine, bites his mark, and comes out all of a sudden: 'I can lick any blame' b'ar in town!'

"Nobody takes him up. He waits a while—steadily gittin' stronger, you understand—then seeks out another pine, bites another mark, and, 'I can lick any blame' b'ar in the State!' he says.

"Shucks, nobody's took him up yet! And by now he's so strong he don't hardly know hisself. He feels jest so fightin', too! So he bites a dozen marks one after the other, and, 'I can lick any blame' b'ar east of the Mississippi!' he says.

"Well, sir, sartin of them trees must have been marked before, for another ten minutes hadn't gone by when along rolls as big a he as ever I see. In front of one of them trees he stands a minute. And then with one '*gu-ra-r-r-r-r!*' he starts for that b'ar that's lookin' for a fight!

"But, Rooshy, he don't want to fight any more—not now! He's the soberedest bad man that ever come into town. He starts to run, but again he can't keep all four feet goin' at once, and turn he has to, fair a-slobberin' with tarrer. 'Yigh!' he yells, '*you* hain't no call to take it up—I wa'n't namin' no names, was I? I wa'n't sayin' anything about *you*, I guess! And you jest tetch me, now! You jest tetch—*Ow—Yow—Wow!*' When I clum' down, and got my piggin, and run for it, the big feller had ketched his grip on him. And as they rolled over an' over each other down the hill faster'n a hoopsnake, the air was so full of ha'r an' hide and foam that if I hadn't seen the beginnin' I'll sw'ar I couldn't 'a' told you *what* was takin' place."

In *his* turn he rose and fed the fire. Then there was an interval of silence. Our eyes finally came to rest upon that "spring hide." It appeared to be a good time to ask Baldy about it, and we did.

But, to our mortification, the question promptly brought out an expression very like that of ill humor. "Seems like you-all have heerd something about that already?" he said, with challenging suspicion.

We could lay hand on heart and protest that we had never heard anything about it at all.

"Well, *it's* a honey-tree story, too. And this is whar it'd naterally come out, if it could be any mortial satisfaction to tell it, which it ain't. The sight of that peltry jest mads me for true every time I see it, it do! And I don't know any reason for keepin' it round save that I've never be'n able to get red of it!

"*I* was out bee-huntin' that summer. And over on Clingman's Dome I found one of the finest trees you'd ever meet—a big, holler sycamore with a double swarm in it. And I reckoned that if I let it stand over basswood bloom I'd take nigh a barr'l of honey out of it. So by way of leavin' my sign there, and holdin' off the b'ars as well, I hung a front door at the main entrance. A front door is a block of knotted hickory mebbe twice as big as that back-log; it don't interfere with the bees, but dangled from twenty foot of inch line it's a good hunch for a b'ar to shove it aside. And when he does swing it, back it comes and raps him for a home run. He hits it harder next time; and in about three come-backs it's battin' him off the di'mond.

"Well, when I was passin' a-nigh thar a fortnight or sixteen days after'ard, I heard one rip-racketin' row goin' on, and turned in to see what the matter was. I'd jest got to within' gapin' distance, when—clumpety-*bump*—down come a b'ar out of the tree so hard it shook the Dome. And as he stood thar, sw'arin' and blasphemin', I seen that he was a biled-shirter. I mean by that he was a b'ar with an uncommon big white patch on his chest. And for such a b'ar a man in Marysville, who wanted one for stuffin', had offered me as much as forty dollars! Well, about three seconds later I wasn't worryin' any more as to how to keep him around. For he'd spied me, and I was swarmin' up the nighest whitewood, he after me gleamin'-eyed. He knowed now who'd throwed that brick, and he jest wanted to talk about it, ketch as ketch can.

"*Sho, I* hadn't nothin' again' him! For the reasons I've told ye, I might say I felt *friendly* toward him. All I wanted to do was to keep out of his way till he was less crazy an' hostile. I had my hand-axe with me, so out I went to the taper end of a limb that was in reach of another limb above it. And when I'd got him pretty well to the tips I whips up to that higher limb, and, hangin' by my middle, with two good clips lets down *his* branch behind him. A b'ar turns mighty slow where the twigs are slender; he won't take the chances a man'll take. More'n that, he ain't possum-handed. When he starts to fall, he continoos a-fallin' till he hits the bottom. 'Now,' thinks I, 'nary doubt that's knocked another block o' skin off ye. But anyways, it'll l'arn ye to stay where the trail's wider!'

"Did it? Another five jiffies and he was a-comin' up jest chumpin' his teeth together. Again I worked him out to the end of a limb—on'y now I had to go a peg higher up. And again I doubled, and swung the axe, and let him down again. By then I was gittin' a leetle anxious, though; for if he bumped hisself *too* survig'rous, the ha'r mightn't grow in again. More, too: if I had to tumble him from too high, there was always the chance of his landin' nose on and breakin' his neck. But I didn't rully fear that that'd come. Any b'ar I'd ever seen had been satisfied with gittin' see-sawed twicet.

"And was that b'iled-shirter? No, siree, not him! And it do mad me nigh as much to go back over it now as when it happened. Four times weren't enough for him, nor five! Jest because he *was* a b'iled-shirter and worth three prices, jest because I was a-tryin' *my* best to persuade him out of it, that b'ar kept straight ahead. Oh, there ain't no *story* about it. Time after time, up he come, every time furder from being reasonable, and every time forcin' me to take him higher, till we got right to the top of that tree. 'Now,' thinks I, 'if *this* fall don't kill ye, I can breathe a leetle easier.' But that time, shore enough, down he went muzzle first and landed on a rock and finished hisself! *I* never killed him. He plum' committed suicide, and that for nothin' else but to spite me. I did think, till I clum' down to him, that I could anyways get *somethin'* on his pelt, for the Proosians use a lot of wire-ha'red skins in their calvery. But it was jest as you see it now. He had so 'tarnal many bumped-off patches that I couldn't even draw my powder an' shot from him *that*-a-way!"

It was truly one of those memories which only the folly of the stranger has the tactlessness to recall. And we could feel that Baldy's "cantankerum," though unseen, was not less scaldingly in eruption than any of your Yellowstone geysers. Indeed there was only one thing which had the power to exorcise it down again; and fortunately, Baldy had early grasped the controlling phenomena of his inward economy himself. Having sat glowering heavily for some moments longer, he arose, and giving a kind of mysterious and unspoken password to the company, he opened the cabin door. No Aunt Georgina was on the watch, and he led off stealthily down the white-flecked path to the millhouse. . . . .

The snow had passed. The heavens were blued steel, with stars more countless than the sparkles of frost on every shrub and every tree. And shedding its influence directly upon the large gravity of the hills was that famous constellation which some think of as the Great Bear, and others as the Dipper.

We Make
Shawknit
TRADE MARK
Socks for "Fathers and Sons of All Ages"

They have a reputation of twenty-eight years to their credit. They are made in Cotton, Lisle, Gauze-Lisle, Wool, Worsted, Merino, and Linen textures.

Colors are fast and pure. Best selected materials are used by us. Heels and toes are three threads, thus insuring durability. Every sock bearing our Shawknit on the toe is guaranteed by us and we will cheerfully replace (without expense) any defects due to our faults. They are free from seams—this means comfort.

YOUR DEALER SHOULD HAVE Shawknit SOCKS—

in Blacks, Fancy Colors, Fancy Stripes, Mixtures, Embroideries, and Black with White Soles, in 25 and 50 cent qualities. If unable to procure them, send your order to us

HANDSOME ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE SENT FREE TO ANY ADDRESS

For a trial, we suggest the following assortment in Cottons:

STYLE 19s9—Black, fast color, Light Weight.
STYLE 19sW—Black with white soles, Light Weight.
STYLE 5p1—Oxford Mixture, pure White Inside, Light Weight.
STYLE D7—Black Ground, with White Hair-Line Stripes, Light Weight.
STYLE D9—Navy Blue Ground, with White Hair-Line Stripes, Light Weight.
STYLE D11 Burgundy Wine, with Light Blue Hair-Line Stripes, Light Weight.

These are made in sizes 9 to 11½. Price, 25 cents per pair, or the six pairs in a neat box for $1.50—delivery charges prepaid to any part of the United States

SHAW STOCKING COMPANY
80 Shaw Street Lowell, Mass.

No More "Germy" Beds

Compare the musty, dusty complicated construction of wooden beds with the perfectly ventilated "Sanitaire Beds"—all metal, every point cleanable and no crevices for dust to lodge and breed vermin. Healthful sanitary conditions are possible only with the

TRADE MARK
Sanitaire
IRON BEDS $2 TO $25
See above illustration.

Hard, smooth snow-white finishes—the pure "Sanitaire Gold" and scores of others. Sanitaire Beds are the choice where cleanliness and health are valued.

Your physician recommends them.

FREE To those who write we will send a sample of [illegible] finishes of which Sanitaire Beds are made. Also our booklet, "How to sleep well."

Marion Iron & Brass Bed Co., 525 Sanitaire Ave., Marion, Ind., U. S. A.

THE BAG THAT STORES HEAT

The new heat-imparting Thermalite Bag

"Successor to the Hot-Water Bag"

Gives an even, long-continued, comforting heat *at the right temperature.*

It is made of the very best para rubber and *is permanently filled with Therm*[illegible]

[illegible] getting up at night [illegible] annoyance [illegible]

[illegible] *of the Thermalite Bag* [illegible]

John Wanamaker says: "There will be a Thermalite Bag in every home in the land." Made in five sizes. No. 2 (3-quart size) $3. Heat is Life.

Sold by all leading druggists. Write for free descriptive book.

THE THERMALITE COMPANY, 182 Elm St., New York City
108 St. James Street, Montreal.

Rex Flintkote ROOFING

Atlanta
Terminal
Station
200,000 SQ. FEET
Rex Flintkote ROOFING

The new Atlanta Terminal, one of the largest and most important [illegible] is protected with 200,000 square feet of **Rex Flintkote Roofing.**

This building *was built to stay.* It cost $1,600,000. [illegible] in which *quality* [illegible] the supreme consideration.

A roof [illegible] constant exposure to the elements.

They Chose Rex Flintkote

If it stood the requirements and tests of this magnificent, permanent structure, it [illegible] the wants of buildings of all kinds, large and small — from a factory covering acres to a poultry house a few feet square.

[illegible] REX FLINTKOTE. It costs more to make, [illegible] men who want a roofing *that stays,* and who [illegible] real protection more than the immediate saving [illegible] to be such a man. Our book (mailed free with samples of REX FLINTKOTE) gives testimonials from users from Maine to Texas.

J. A. & W. BIRD & CO.
43 India St., Boston, Mass.
We have agents everywhere

There are two kinds of prepared roofs. One made *to sell,* one made to *buy* — and to buy a *second time.*

The facts given on the opposite side prove the *quality* of **Rex Flintkote Roofing** and explain why it easily commands the [illegible] price.

The dealer who sells it won't try to dodge you a year from now. He values your good will and future trade more than an immediate larger profit.

Book and Complete Samples of Rex Flintkote Mailed Free

They tell the story as no advertisement can. They explain its durability [illegible] world, in all kinds of [illegible] permanent and temporary [illegible] **Rex Flintkote** [illegible] by any ordinary workman; everything required to lay it is in every roll.

Many makers of cheap roofings *closely* imitate the *outside* appearance of REX FLINTKOTE [illegible] service. "Look for the Boy" on our trade mark [illegible] year reputation stands behind every roll.

J. A. & W. BIRD & CO.
43 India St., Boston, Mass.
We have agents everywhere.

The Car that Achieves

The Cadillac has always been the car that *does* things. Whether the test be that of endurance or power, or one of severity of road service, this wonderful machine has never been found wanting. It knows no balk, no hesitancy, no delay — always ready, with energy to spare.

By this dependability of service, coupled with unusual economy of maintenance, the Cadillac has made such phenomenal advancement that its factory is now the largest of its kind in the world.

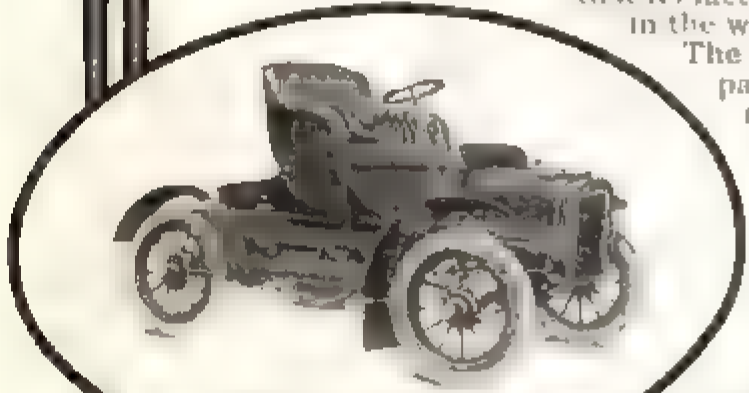
The qualities upon which this unparalleled growth is based are more pronounced than ever in the magnificent new cars for 1906. Embodied in these are many unique and important improvements — improvements which make the CADILLAC conspicuous for its *individual* merit. Among them is a wonderful mechanical feed [illegible] which varies according to the speed of the engine, which properly adjusted always feeds enough, never too much or too little. The new rocker joint on the front spring allows the car to pass over obstacles several inches in height without transmitting any material jar to the car, insuring a maximum of riding comfort and a minimum liability to breakage.

In design and finish these new Cadillacs are truly art creations. Of the Victoria type, their grace and exquisite beauty, their tone of quiet richness, appeal at once to fastidious motorists. We want to tell you more about the Cadillac by sending you a free copy of our interesting Booklet O. A postal request brings it, together with address of nearest dealer. The 1906 models include:

Model K, 10 h. p. Runabout, $750.
Model M, Light Touring Car, $950.
Model H, 30 h. p. Touring Car, $2,500.
Model L, 40 h. p. Touring Car, $3,750.

All prices f. o. b. Detroit.

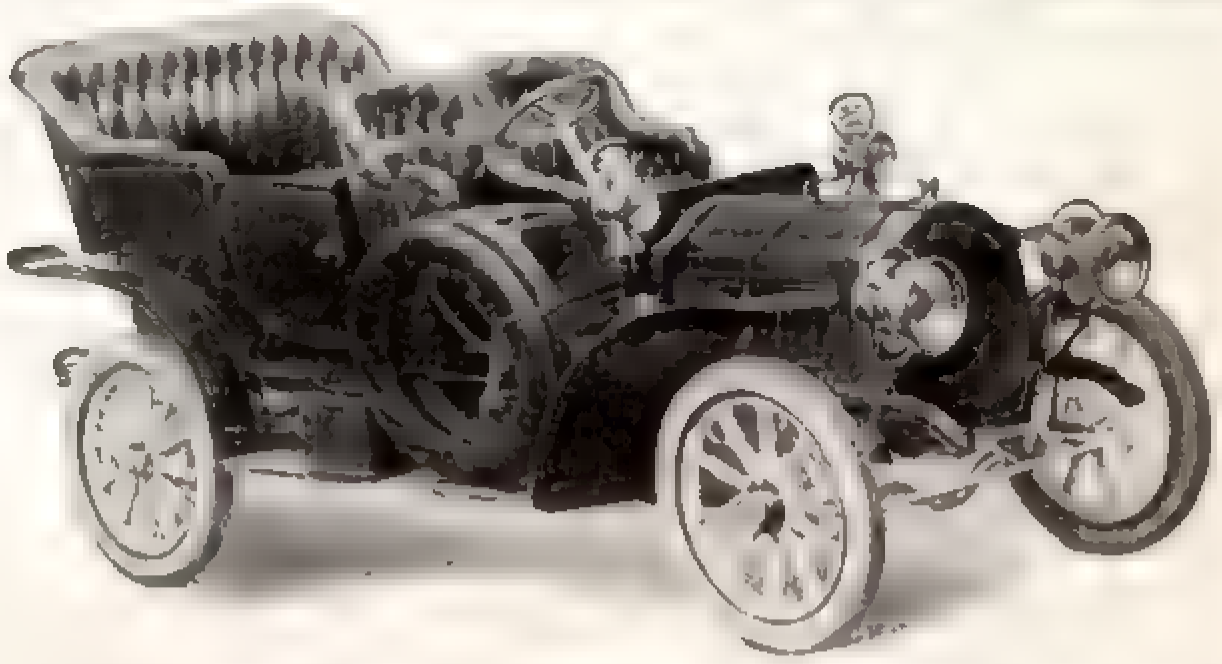
CADILLAC MOTOR CAR CO., Detroit, Mich.
Member Asso. Licensed Auto. Mfrs.


Model K, 10 h. p. Runabout,
$750 f. o. b. Detroit

Model M, Light
Touring Car,
$950, f. o. b. Detroit

CADILLAC

Packard



The man who visits the Packard plant sees every modern mechanical device that is applicable; sees a thousand minds concentrated on a single type of car; feels the Packard spirit of perfection; then knows why the Packard stands in a class by itself.

Packard Motor Car Company, Dept. E
Detroit, Mich.
Member Association Licensed Automobile Manufacturers
New York Branch 1540 Broadway

The False Gods

(Continued from Page 11)

led. He stopped to pity Sam and the New York papers, as he thought of the Boston newsboys crying his magnificent beat till all Washington Street rang with the glory of it. And he could see the fellows in Mrs. Atkinson's letting their coffee grow cold as they devoured the Banner, stopping only here and there to sing out: "Good work, Simp., old boy! Great story!"

Then—Simpkins turned the page. Accident—ten killed—bank robbed—caught—Mrs. Jones gets divorce. . . . What!

NOTED SCIENTIST SECURES
IMPORTANT RIGHTS

DOCTOR ATHELSTONE ARRANGES FOR
ROYAL SOCIETY TO EXPLOIT
RECENT DISCOVERIES

Simpkins stuttered around for an exclamation; then looked up weakly. Instinct started him on the run for the nearest long-distance telephone, but before he had gone twenty feet he stopped. The paper was long since off press. He had no desire to know what Naylor was saying. He could not even guess. There are heights to which the imagination cannot aspire.

Then came a faint ray of hope. That was an Associated Press dispatch—a late one probably. But if it had reached the New York papers in time to catch the edition, Naylor must have received it soon enough to kill his story. But even as this hope came it went. The news interest of the dispatch was largely local. Doubtless it had been sent out only in New York.

Simpkins forced himself to read the body of the message now, although he gagged over every line of it.

> London, etc. Dr. W. R. Athelstone, well known in London as the president of the American branch of the Royal Society of Egyptian Exploration and Research, arrived here this morning. He announces that the Khedive has been graciously pleased to grant to his society the sole right to excavate the tombs recently discovered by one of its agents in the Karnak region. Doctor Athelstone left home quietly some weeks ago, and held back any announcement of the discoveries while the negotiations, now brought to a happy conclusion, were pending. He sails for New York to-morrow.

"Do I go off half-cocked? Am I yellow? Is a pup yellow?" groaned Simpkins, and he started off aimlessly toward the park, fighting his Waterloo over again and counting up his losses. That foolish, foolish letter! Why had he soiled his fingers by opening it! Of course, that line which loomed so large and fine in his story, that pointed the impressive finger of Fate at Crime, "*That thing that I have to do is about done!*" referred to Doctor Athelstone's silly negotiations. The letter must have been from him. Now who could have known that a grown man would indulge in such fool monkey-business as writing love-letters in hieroglyphics to his own wife? . . . And that blamed black mummy! Back to darkest Africa for his! If any one ever said mummy to him there'd be murder done all right. Oh, for the happy ignorance of those days when he knew nothing about Egypt except that it was the place from which the cigarettes came. . . . Brander, no doubt, had gone out to send a cablegram of congratulation to Doctor Athelstone, and while he was away the woman had started in to repair a crack in that precious old Amosis of hers. Perhaps the moths had got into him! "And she thought that I was crazy, and was stringing me along, waiting till the Nile Duck got back," muttered the reporter, stopping short in his agony. "Oh, you're guessing good now, Simp., all right, because there's only one way to guess." And as he started along again he concluded: "Damn it!—even the cat came back."

If there was one thing in all the world that Simpkins did not want to see it was a copy of the Banner with that awful story of his staring out at him from the first page, headed and played up with all the brutal skill in handling type of which Naylor was a master; but he felt himself drawn irresistibly to the Grand Central Station, where the Boston papers would first be put on sale.

Half an hour to wait. Gad! He could never go back and face Naylor. . . . Libel! Why, there wasn't money enough in the

Comforts
of the Trip to
California

If on your trip to the coast you wish to enjoy all the comforts and conveniences of home, coupled with the dispatch of perfect train service, take The

OVERLAND
LIMITED
on the
Chicago, Milwaukee &
St. Paul Railway

Unsurpassed in every appointment; electric lighted throughout.

From **Union Passenger Station,** Chicago, 8 p. m. daily. Tourist Sleepers at 6.05 p. m. and 10.25 p. m.

F. A. Miller, G. P. A., Chicago, will send information and beautiful descriptive booklets free upon request

WEDDING
INVITATIONS

Nothing is more indicative of character, social standing and trend of personality than high grade engraving. Attention is invited to our forms of Wedding Invitations, Marriage Announcements, Reception, Tea and Calling Cards. They combine elegance, daintiness and thoroughness—essentials of tone and quality.

For information, write to us stating the occasion.

50 Cards $1.00

The 50 Calling Cards, with plate engraved in script, which are offered as an introduction to our engraving department, are the finest that can be produced at any price. Other styles are shown on specimen sheet, gladly sent on request.

HOSKINS
904-906 Chestnut St., Philadelphia, Pa.

REGISTERED WAB TRADE MARK

This TRADE-MARK insures the BURPEE QUALITY of the
"Best Seeds that Grow"

Burpee's Seeds cost but little more than do usual commercial grades—and yet are *worth* much more. At our own farms in Pennsylvania and New Jersey—as well as in the gardens of planters everywhere—**Burpee's Seeds** are proved by test to be the **Best Seeds that Grow.** Consequently we hold the largest mail-order seed trade in the world. Our "Silent Salesman," neatly dressed in a "coat of many colors," and telling the *plain truth*, with photographic pictures of the superior products of **Burpee's "Seeds that Grow,"** will be sent by return mail—if YOU will write a postal card for

1876 Burpee's 1906
Farm Annual for 1906

Thirtieth Anniversary Edition of "The Leading American Seed Catalogue"

This is a handsome book of 168 pages, carefully edited and neatly printed, bound in cover lithographed in nine colors. It shows, *painted from nature*, Seven Superb Specialties in Vegetables of unequaled merit and Six Novelties in Flowers—including LUTHER BURBANK'S *New Floral Wonder.*

THIS INVITATION to write for our New Complete Catalogue and then participate in the Special Celebration of our Thirtieth Anniversary is given to all planters who delight in raising the Choicest Vegetables and most Beautiful Flowers. If you intend to garden this Spring you will want to lay your plans, and therefore we urge you to **WRITE TO-DAY!**—the very day you read this advertisement. Mention this magazine, and address

W. ATLEE BURPEE & CO., Seed Growers, PHILADELPHIA, PA.

Frozen Dog Tales, [illegible] book by [illegible] Hunter [illegible] of rich humor [illegible] every page [illegible] Philadelphia Press says: "Best book of American humor [illegible] years." Boston Herald says: "The spirit of Bret Harte looks down at Cooper Hunter in smiling approval." **Frozen Dog Tales** tells all about Grizzly Pete, Joe Kipp and Webb Grubb. The book is chock full of [illegible] fascinating Western stories [illegible]

Frozen
Dog Tales

verse. [illegible]

THE EVERETT PRESS Boston Mass

Xmas Tree Lights With Battery $3 Up

OHIO ELECTRIC WORKS CLEVELAND

We Are Selling

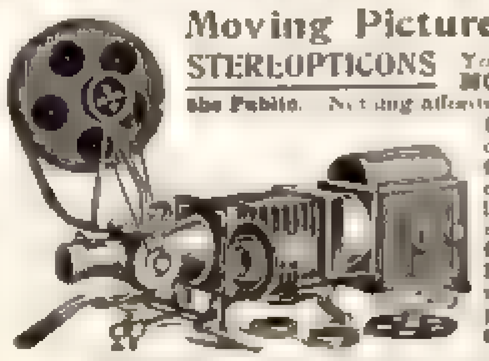
Toy Electric Railways, $3 to	$60 00
Passenger and Freight Trains, $5 to	50 00
Electric Books, 10c to	3.00
Necktie and Cap Lights, 75c to	5 00
Battery Table Lamps $3 to	10 00
Carriage and Bicycle Lights, $3 to	5.00
Lanterns and Pocket Lights, 75c to	3 00
Battery Motors and Fans, $1 to	12 00
Electric Door Bells complete, 75c to	1 50
Telephones complete, $2 50 and	5 95
Telegraph Outfits complete, $1 75 to	2 50
$8 00 Medical Batteries	3 95
Dynamos and Motors $1 to	1000 00
Gas and Gasoline Engines, $3 to	1400.00

We undersell all. Cat. Free. Want Agents.
Ohio Electric Works, Cleveland, O.

Are Your Legs Straight?

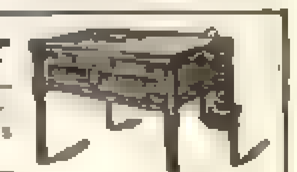
Thousands of well-dressed men whose trousers set trim and straight have crooked legs and conceal the fact by wearing our easy pneumatic [illegible] Rubber forms. They are [illegible] inexpensive and give a style and finish otherwise impossible. Simple as a garter, put on or off in a few seconds [illegible] be detected. [illegible] authorities commend them in the highest terms. Beautiful photo-illustrated book [illegible] testimonials mailed sealed free.

THE ALISON CO., Dept. P.S, Buffalo, N. Y.



Moving Picture Machines
STEREOPTICONS You can make BIG MONEY Entertaining the Public. Nothing affords [illegible] for men [illegible] small capital. We start you, furnishing complete outfits and explicit instructions at a [illegible] Our Entertainment Supply Catalog and [illegible] everything, sent free

CHICAGO PROJECTING COMPANY
225 Dearborn Street, Department 1, Chicago, Ill



Get An Incubator
made by "the man who knows"—founded on 20 years experience. You can make money with Miller's

Ideal Incubators

and Brooders, absolutely automatic and self-regulating. Positively Lowest Prices. Handsome 128 page Poultry Book free.

J. W. MILLER CO., Box 34, Freeport, Illinois.

POULTRY
A Magazine for All Poultry Lovers

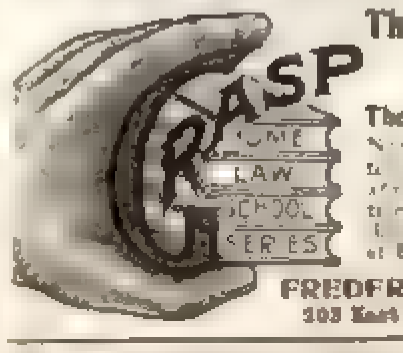
Tells of the profits and pleasures of poultry keeping. Beautiful colored covers and halftone pictures on enameled paper. [illegible] Practical, newsy, interesting. Large pages, plain type. Not a dull line in it. All news stands. 10c a copy. $1 00 a year.

POULTRY PUBLISHING CO.
Box 13 Peotone, Illinois

PATENT YOUR IDEAS

$100,000 offered for one invention; $8,500 for another. Book "How to Obtain a Patent" and "What to Invent" sent free. Send rough sketch for free report as to patentability. We advertise your patent for sale at our expense.

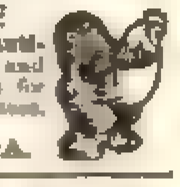
Chandlee & Chandlee, Patent Attorneys,
963 F. Street, Washington, D. C.



The LAW at Home
as LINCOLN did.

The Home Law School Series. Now complete, prepares ambitious students for the Bar [illegible] Practice [illegible] at SPECIAL PRICE. Write

FREDERICK J. DRAKE & CO.
203 East Madison Street, Chicago



GREIDER'S FINE CATALOGUE
of Standard bred poultry for 1906, printed in beautiful colors, contains Fine Chromo, illustrates and describes 60 varieties. Gives reasonable prices for stock and eggs, tells all about poultry, their diseases, lice, etc. This book only 10 cents.

B. H. GREIDER, RHEEMS, PA.

Print Your Own Cards
circulars, &c. Press $5. Small newspaper Press $18. Money maker, saver. All easy, printed rules. Write to factory for catalogue of presses, type, paper, cards, etc.

THE PRESS CO., Meriden, Conn.

OUR MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE
Every incubator we sell absolutely money-back guaranteed to do all we claim. The 1906 Reliable is the only incubator with double heating system. Free catalog tells all about it. Pure-bred Poultry and Eggs for hatching. Ask for prices.

Reliable Incubator & Brooder Co., Box B-4, Quincy, Ill., U. S. A.

An Education Without Cash
THE SATURDAY EVENING POST offers a full course, all expenses paid, in any college, conservatory or business school in the country in return for a little work done in leisure hours. You select the school—we pay the bills. If you are interested send a line addressed to The Curtis Publishing Company, Philadelphia

$1.00 Yale
Stem Winding
Stem Setting
10 Days Free Pocket Test

Address a postal to New Haven Clock Co., New Haven, Conn. (capital, $1,000,000.00), and just say, "I want a Dollar Yale for 10 days' free trial." That's all you have to do. Our part is not so easy.

We must place in your hands about $2.00 worth of watch by ordinary standards, for we promise to hand every responsible person a stem-winding, stem-setting watch fully guaranteed by the New Haven Clock Co. (capital $1,000,000.00), printed guarantee in back of case.

Now, the ordinary Dollar watch is wound and set like a cheap alarm clock — by attachments you can't get at without opening the back of the case.

But the stem of a Dollar Yale is no dummy. No-sir-ee! It has a double motion — turn it back and forth a few times and the watch is wound for 24 hours. Press the stem in, and then your twist sets the hands forward or back, as you choose. It all works just like the handsomest time-piece you ever saw. Just put the Dollar Yale in your pocket and wear it ten days before you decide to buy. After 10 days we want a dollar or the watch — that's all

No, just one thing more. This introductory offer may be withdrawn at any time if it crowds our capacity, so don't delay, write at once.

New Haven Clock Company
141 Hamilton Street New Haven, Conn.

PLANNING A HOME? Then subscribe to KEITH'S MAGAZINE
Devoted to Planning, Building and Decorating.

A 64-page Monthly. Beautifully Illustrated with large engraving cuts of Modern Houses. Interior views. Full of practical suggestions for the home builder.

50c Offer A four months' trial subscription with 3 late copies given for 50c. This offer will place in your hands at once a large number of attractive house plans.

This house is one of 150 shown in the year with floor plans and estimates.

KEITH'S The Magazine of
Established in 1899. Moderate Cost Homes

Regular yearly subscription, $1.50, entitles you to 4 issues of 1905 extra; 16 numbers in all. Single copies at news-stands, 15 cents.
Our new 192-page book — "**Practical House Decoration**" — written by experienced decorators, will prove invaluable in securing an artistic home. The plans offered are practical and can be carried out in moderate priced materials. The book is profusely illustrated with interior views and examples of wall decorations. Gives 12 complete decorative schemes for an entire house. Size of book 9¼ x 7 inches. Price **$1.00. SPECIAL**—A year's subscription to "Keith's" and above book **$2.00.**
MAX L. KEITH, 920 Lumber Ex., MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

Ann Arbor
Incandescent Lamps
Special Introductory Offer

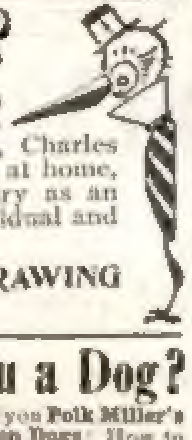
We want every community to realize the advantages of using Ann Arbor Gasoline Vapor Lamps. We will, for a limited time, send on receipt of $4.00 our Model 114 lamp, as shown in the cut, in brass or oxidized copper, *prepaid to any part of the U. S.* Give full 100 candle power light at cost of less than ½c. per hour.

Every lamp guaranteed. If not satisfactory return after 30 days' use, and we will refund your money. We mean exactly this. References, Dun or Bradstreet. Agents wanted. Send for complete catalog. **SUPERIOR MFG. CO., 275 Second Street, Ann Arbor, Michigan.**

CAN YOU SELL GARDEN SEEDS?

Send for confidential offer to agents, showing how you can make *sure* money selling our seeds without investing a penny. Good profits. A little pleasant work will get you your own seeds free and make you money, too. We give you discounts of 25 to 40% besides liberal premiums. Easy to sell. Our line includes everything for farm and garden. *Free outfits. Big 64 page Catalog.* The most attractive offer ever made by any reliable seed house. Write to-day for full particulars.

GREAT NORTHERN SEED COMPANY
Dept. 25 Rockford, Ill., U. S. A.


Can You Draw This?

Copy it as well as you can, send to us and we will give you a handsome portfolio of drawings by the noted artist, Charles Lederer. A course of lessons by mail, at home, may qualify you to earn a good salary as an artist and cartoonist. Instruction individual and exactly adapted to your talent.

THE LEDERER SCHOOL OF DRAWING
Chattanooga, Tennessee

Have You a Dog?

Then let us send you **Polk Miller's celebrated Book on Dogs**; How to Take Care of Them; **the eloquent Senator Vest's masterful Tribute to a Dog,** and **"A Yellow Dog's Love for a Nigger"** (famous poem). We will send you all of the above for 10c just to advertise **Sergeant's Famous Dog Remedies.** Address

POLK MILLER DRUG CO.
834 Main St., Richmond, Va.

world to pay the damages the Athelstones would get against the paper. He'd take just one look at it and then catch the first train for Chicago. Perhaps he could get a job there digging sewers, or selling ribbons in Field's, or start a school of journalism. Any old thing, if they didn't nab him and put him in Bloomingdale before he could start. . . . He made for the street again. He wouldn't look at the Banner. What malignant little devils the types were when they shouted your sins, not another fellow's, from the front page, or whispered them in a stage aside from some little paragraph in an obscure corner of the paper—a corner that the whole world looked into. Hell—he'd get out of the filthy business! Think of the light and frolicsome way in which he'd written up domestic scandals, the entertaining specials he'd turned out on unfaithful husbands, the snappy columns on unhappy wives, not asking himself how true it all was, but how safe to write up. And now they'd write him up—Naylor would attend to that editorial himself, and do it in his most virtuous style—and brand him as a fakir, a liar, and a yellow dog.

Simpkins was back at the news-stand again and there were the Boston papers. He snatched a Banner from the top of the pile. No, he must have the wrong paper. He tore through it from front to back and then to front again, his heart bounding with joy. There was not a line of his story in it. They had received that Associated Press dispatch after all. Yes, there it was, but oh, how differently it looked from when he saw it last! It spelt damnation then; it meant salvation now.

. . . .

After all, hadn't his mistake been a natural one? Hadn't he done his best for the paper? Wasn't it his duty to run down a lead like that? He'd made errors of judgment, perhaps, but he'd like to see the man who wouldn't have, under the circumstances. Of course, mistakes would creep in occasionally and give innocent people the worst of it, but look at the good he'd done in his life by exposing scoundrels. How could he, how could any man, have acted differently who was loyal to his paper, whose first interests were the public good? If Naylor didn't appreciate a star man, when he had him, he thought he knew an editor or two who did. Simp., old boy, wasn't going to starve. . . . Starve? It had been hungry work, so he'd just step into the Manhattan and get a bite of breakfast.

Naylor did know a good man when he had him, and likewise—quite as valuable a bit of knowledge—he knew when a man had had enough. So, when Simpkins sat down that afternoon to tell him his experiences, he only smiled quizzically as the reporter wound up by asking, "Now, what do *you* think?" and answered:

"Well, I think it did you a power of good to look behind that veil, because I reckon that for once in your life you've told me the truth as near as you know how."

"No, but aside from this pleasant personal conclusion," persisted Simpkins, modestly shedding the compliment.

"Well, I guess we won't bother with the Blavatsky story just now, but here's a clipping about a woman who's discovered what she calls soul aura—says we've got red, white and blue souls and all that sort of stuff. You're our soul expert now, so go over to the City Hall and ask the mayor and any politicians you meet what's the color of their souls. It ought to make a fair Sunday story." And Naylor swung around to his desk, for the city editor had just told him that the headless trunk of a woman had been picked up in the river—a find that promised a good story—and a newspaper man cannot waste time on yesterday.

Simpkins' face fell. That he had not been assigned to find the head was, he knew, the beginning of his punishment. But as he walked down the dingy hall to the street his step became more buoyant, and once in the open air he started off eager and smiling. For a good opening sentence was already shaping in his head, and as he stepped into the City Hall he was repeating to himself:

"Yesterday, when the mayor was asked, 'What is the color of your soul?' he returned his stereotyped 'Nothing to give out on that subject,' and then added, 'But it would be violating no confidence to tell you that Boss Coonahan's is black.'"

To Simpkins it had been given to lift the veil and to know the truth; yet he was back again serving the false gods.

(THE END)

PAY DAY
What does It Mean to You?

If you are in that discouraged line of men who get the same pittance week after week, year after year without hope or prospect of something better, it's time you appealed to the International Correspondence Schools. Ask them how you can in your spare time, qualify for **a better position, a higher salary and a safe future.** They will make the way *so plain and easy* for you that your only wonder will be that every worker in the world is not following the thousands who have already reached success over this highway.

Mark on the coupon the occupation you prefer and mail it to the I. C. S. **It costs nothing.** It will surely help you some. *It may make your fortune.*

International Correspondence Schools, Box 1171, Scranton, Pa.
Please explain, without further obligation on my part, how I can qualify for a larger salary in the position before which I have marked **X**

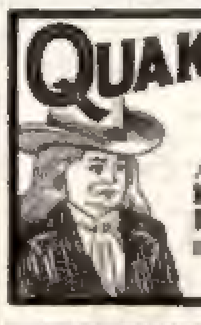
Bookkeeper
Stenographer
Advertisement Writer
Show Card Writer
Window Trimmer
Ornamental Designer
Illustrator
Civil Service
Chemist
Textile Mill Supt.
Mech. Draftsman
Electrician
Telephone Engineer
Surveyor
Elec. Lighting Supt.
Mech. Engineer
Stationary Engineer
Civil Engineer
Foreman Plumber
Electrical Engineer
Building Contractor
Arch. Draftsman
Architect
Structural Engineer
Bridge Engineer
Mining Engineer
Spanish for Stenographers
Commercial Law for Stenographers

Name ______ *Street and No.* ______
City ______ *State* ______

Two heights
Anaston 2⅞ inches high
Alonia 2⅛ inches high
One of the newest styles in
ARROW COLLARS
CLUPECO SHRUNK QUARTER SIZES
15 Cents each *2 for 25 Cents*
SEND FOR BOOKLET AND DEALER'S NAME
CLUETT, PEABODY & CO.
LARGEST MAKERS OF COLLARS AND SHIRTS IN THE WORLD
459 RIVER ST., TROY, N.Y.

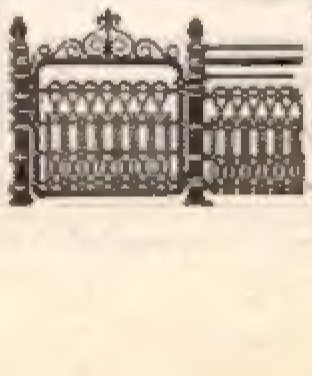
SHOEMAKER'S Book on POULTRY
and Almanac for 1906 contains 224 pages, with many fine colored plates of fowls true to life. It tells all about chickens, their care, diseases and remedies. All about **Incubators** and how to operate them. All about poultry houses and how to build them. It's really an encyclopedia of chickendom. You need it. **Price only 15 cts.**
C. C. SHOEMAKER, Box 503, FREEPORT, ILL.

These trade-mark crisscross lines on every package.
GLUTEN FLOUR FOR DYSPEPSIA
SPECIAL DIABETIC FLOUR
K. C. WHOLE WHEAT FLOUR
Unlike all other goods. Ask Grocers.
For book or sample, write
Farwell & Rhines, Watertown, N. Y., U. S. A.


QUAKER HILL NURSERIES
9 Main St. Newark, N. Y.
All kinds of **Trees, Shrubs, Roses, Etc.,** from grower to planter. **FREE BOOK,** 62 pages, gives prices, describes 528 varieties, tells how to plant and care for them.

50c. Worth FLOWER SEEDS for 10c.
Good's Seeds Grow And Bloom
10 Packets choice fresh flower seeds, **Aster, Calendula, Chrysanthemum, Cornflower, Dahlia, Dianthus, Gypsophila, Pansy, Poppy, Sweet Peas,** also a *Return Coupon* good for 25 cts. on first $1.00 order, and my pretty catalogue of matchless bargains in **Flower and Vegetable Seeds, ALL FOR 10 CTS.** See my *Cash Prizes* to schools, etc. My 50c. collections of 10 choice named Roses, Carnations, Geraniums, Butterfly Gladiolus, Tuberoses. My 25c. collections of Roses, Fuchsias, etc. Write to-day.
MISS JESSIE M. GOOD, Seedswoman, Dept. 13, Springfield, O.

Raise SQUABS--It Pays
We will teach you the business beginning to end if you start with our straight-bred Homer stock — none better at any price. We sell only **properly mated** pairs, **matings guaranteed.** Our squabs are fancy and bring top prices. We have 11,000 breeding Homers in our lofts. If we can succeed, you can.
Get our Free booklet — important facts about this fascinating industry.
ATLANTIC SQUAB CO., Box O, Da Costa, N. J.


LAWN FENCE
Made of Steel. Lasts a lifetime. We have no Agents. **Sold to users at Wholesale Prices. 7 cents a foot up.** Cheaper than wood. Catalogue Free.
KITSELMAN BROTHERS,
Box 344. Muncie, Indiana.

This Space is for **Your** Story

(Give your name, address, age, education, present occupation and line of work you want to take up).

MANY young men are earning small wages simply because they have not trained themselves for a special line of work. Some of these young men are burdened with heavy responsibilities; some have never awakened to their own possibilities; others are simply in a rut. They need just the right word of advice — a little guidance — to start them on the road to success. The American School of Correspondence has undertaken this important work. It advises the young man as to the line of work for which he is best adapted, and then helps him to gain the knowledge essential to success in that line — all without leaving home or giving up his regular work. Through its mail courses it has helped thousands of young men to fit themselves for well paid, responsible positions. The opportunity is open to every young man in America! Tell us fully the story of your experience, your hopes, your ambitions, and of your present position; if more convenient write it in the blank space in this page which you can tear out and mail to us. It will be regarded as confidential, and a personal letter of advice will be sent to you, together with our 200-page Bulletin and full information regarding any one of the following courses (*please underscore course interested in*) in Electrical, Mechanical, Civil and Steam Engineering, Architecture, Mechanical and Structural Drafting, Textiles and College Preparatory (preparing for entrance to engineering colleges).

American School of Correspondence

S. E. P., Feb. 3, '06. **Chicago, Ill.**

" The Whole Thing in a Nut Shell "

200 Eggs a Year Per Hen

HOW TO GET THEM

The fifth edition of the book, "200 Eggs a Year Per Hen," is now ready. Revised, enlarged, and in part rewritten. 96 pages. Contains among other things the method of feeding by which Mr. S. D. Fox, of Wolfboro, N. H., won the prize of $100 in gold offered by the manufacturers of a well-known condition powder for the best egg record during the winter months. Simple as a, b, c — and yet we guarantee it to start hens to laying earlier and to induce them to lay more eggs than any other method under the sun. The book also contains recipe for egg food and tonic used by Mr. Fox, which brought him in one winter day 68 eggs from 72 hens; and for five days in succession from the same flock 64 eggs a day. Mr. E. F. Chamberlain, of Wolfboro, N. H., says: "By following the methods outlined in your book I obtained 1,496 eggs from 91 R. I. Reds in the month of January, 1902." From 14 pullets picked at random out of a farmer's flock the author got 2,999 eggs in one year — an average of over 214 eggs apiece. It has been my ambition in writing "200 Eggs a Year Per Hen" to make it the standard book on egg production and profits in poultry. Tells all there is to know, and tells it in a plain, common-sense way.

Price 50 cents; or **with a year's subscription, 60c.**; or given as a premium for **four yearly subscriptions to the American Poultry Advocate at 25c. each.**

Our Paper is handsomely illustrated, 44 to 80 pages, 25 cents per year. 4 months' trial, 10 cents. *Sample Free.* CATALOGUE of poultry books free.

AMERICAN POULTRY ADVOCATE,
62 Hogan Block, Syracuse, N.Y.

The Packers and the Cattlemen

(Continued from Page 2)

these two commercial factors stands the packer. *He must do all the guessing at both ends of the line.* If he does not buy cattle fast enough, the demand from the retailer outruns his supply and he loses the business. If he buys too many cattle he must hold them at heavy expense (for he is without facilities for storing cattle) or convert them into meat for which there is no demand, and run the risk of having it spoil on his hands.

It is up to the packer correctly to judge the balance between the supply and the demand. Thus each day's business becomes a separate business. He cannot know, his buyer cannot know, when the cattle market opens on any given morning, what the market for that day will be or ought to be. He and his buyers may know, in a general way, what the market and prospects for meats are, based on the day before, but each day's cattle market is a new market with a new lot of cattle, resembling in no way, perhaps, the cattle of the day before.

No combination that could be formed would serve to keep a "Beef Trust" advised of the character or number of cattle coming into market on any one day from all points of the compass. Yesterday may have brought a heavy run of choice beeves. To-day's receipts may be common. To-morrow cows may predominate. The packers have no advance information, and their cattle buyers have only general instructions as to the needs of the house for that day. They exercise their wits and their judgment, buy as closely and as carefully as they can, drawing the line between buying too much and too little. They draw that line very fine. Their jobs depend upon it, and that is the whole mystery of cattle buying.

The cattle market at Chicago, Kansas City, South Omaha and everywhere else *is an open market.* Every buyer of cattle in a market, whether buying for a packer, for reshipment East or across the water, or for his individual account as a feeder or speculator, stands on absolutely even terms with every other buyer. The competition is such that almost every good bunch of cattle will draw out several bids, instead of the *one* bid the "trust" exploiters allege. Large packers will not deny that they can slaughter, pack, work up by-products and sell to better advantage than some of their smaller competitors. Each packer thinks he can do all that better than any other packer. If he did not think so there would be little excuse for his remaining in the business. Every merchant thinks he is, in some particular, a better merchant than his competitor. That is why he is a merchant.

Better Stock to Better Judges

If a packer ever buys cattle to better advantage than his competitor, it is because his cattle buyer is a better judge of cattle than his competitor's buyer, and that brings in the personal equation—one man's brains and judgment against another man's—and that cannot be governed by a monopoly.

The cattle market, I repeat, is an open market, and no person who has even a chance acquaintance with a cattle market in action will venture to suggest that any packer or group of packers can "take his pick" or buy any particular bunch of cattle cheaper than the smaller buyer in the market. If that were to happen you would hear a roar of protests from buyers and from cattlemen alongside which the present cry against the "Beef Trust" would be tame and flat.

There is no cleaner competition anywhere than among the cattle buyers on the livestock market. *This competition*, together with the marketing methods followed, *automatically regulates the market*, keeps it an open market and prevents control of it by any "combine." To make this clear let us look into the ways this selling and buying of cattle is carried on. The buyers in the market at the Union Stock Yards of Chicago—leaving out buyers of feeder cattle—may be classed as buyers for the large packing houses; buyers for the smaller packers and slaughterers; buyers for shipment to the seaboard and to the Old World; buyers for speculators. These different classes of buyers have nothing in common. They are always at war, commercially speaking.

Editor's Note — This paper on The Packers and the Cattlemen will be concluded next week.

Corliss-Coon Collars

outwear others. Mark your collars every time they go to the laundry and you will find this to be so. And here's why.

How Many Trips To the Laundry?

They are always full 4-ply strength. But so they will bend more times without breaking, heavy interlining is removed where collars usually break in taking the laundry fold. Turned-in edges are bound to prevent inside raveling, and the "gutter-seam" in standing styles prevents saw edges.

The New Fall Fold.

Our "*Touring*" Collar (as shown above) is the result of the demand for a collar similar to our popular *Outing*, but higher above the buttonhole — covering more neck.

These two — *Outing* and *Touring* — are modeled from an original Corliss-Coon design, since copied in almost every other brand. *Touring* is the right height for cooler weather and will be found to give the same satisfaction as to fit and wear, that made *Outing* popularity permanent.

Just ask your furnisher for Corliss-Coon collars. If he hasn't them he can get them of us. If you are not willingly supplied, we will promptly fill your order direct from the factory on receipt of the price. 2 for 25c.; 6 for 75c.; $1.50 per dozen.

Write for "**Collar Kinks**" — the new book of styles and correct dress.

CORLISS, COON & CO.,
3 K Street Troy, N. Y.

It's better to buy a Truscott
than to wish you had

You Can Tell a Truscott — You Can Trust One

Its original cost is no higher than inferior makes; its maintenance much lower. The automatic control saves gasoline, wear and tear, time, trouble and expense. The owner of a Truscott is always sure of running his boat at will, for his own and his friends' pleasure. Send stamps for catalogue. Our quarterly, "The Launch," is Free.

TRUSCOTT BOAT COMPANY, Dept. 62, ST. JOSEPH, MICH.

RUGS

BIG 50 PAGE 1906 CATALOGUE FREE,
100 handsome colored plates of Teller's Good Carpets, Rugs (all sizes) and Portieres.

Showing goods in their actual colorings and more than 40 attractive new styles in Lace Curtains to select from in your home. FREIGHT PAID EVERYWHERE — Money refunded if we fail to please you. Note our money saving prices:

Brussels carpets 53c a yard and up; All wool Extra Super carpets 59c; Fine Axminster carpets 98c; Linoleums sq. yd. 45c; 9 by 12 All Wool Rugs $7.80; 9 by 12 Brussels Rugs $11.98 up; 9 by 12 Wilton Velvet Rugs $29.95; Lace Curtains 57c a pair up.

Don't buy a yard of carpet, a rug, or a pair of curtains until you see what we have to offer.

Teller Carpet Co., 734 Grand Ave., Des Moines, Ia.

No "Dead Center"

Patent applied for.

"A Hill Climber" for Boys and Girls

A muscle maker — strengthens spine, back, shoulders. Jolliest, healthiest, sportiest of juvenile autos.

Glascock's Racer

Scientifically designed, geared and built. Three motions: *Racing, Semi-Rowing and Rowing.* Absolutely safe. *Can't upset nor stop on dead center.* Rubber tired and finished in colors. Light, strong. *Endorsed by physicians.* Buy of your dealer if possible, or direct, if he hasn't GLASCOCK'S RACER. Illustrated catalogue FREE.

Glascock Bros. Mfg. Co., 605 Factory Street, Muncie, Indiana

STARK FRUIT BOOK shows in NATURAL COLORS and accurately describes **216 varieties** of fruit. Send for our liberal terms of distribution to planters. **STARK BROS., Louisiana, Mo.**

DOCTOR: If you want practical post-graduate work during fine season in the delightful city, write for particulars,
New Orleans Polyclinic, P. O. Box 797

CHOCOLATES made by "MELLINGER," the famous specialist in this one branch of the confectioner's art — nothing but chocolates.

BY MAIL EXCLUSIVELY

A bit of candy perfection that comes as a revelation to lovers of pure sweets. **Inexpressibly good!** Among connoisseurs the presentation of a box of "MELLINGER'S" is a stamp of refined taste. Sold by mail only; fresh made; packed and shipped **the same day** your order is received — **postage prepaid.**

A 2-lb. BOX for $1. One pound 55 cents; five pounds $2.25. Full weight guaranteed. Unequalled in purity, variety and exquisite flavors; no two pieces alike in a pound order. Even the box is a work of art; ladies keep them afterwards for gloves or jewelry. You will be delighted with your first trial order.

Address (stamps or money):

MELLINGER, 102 Sixth Avenue, New York, N.Y.

BECOME A NURSE

Write for booklet explaining our method of training by study at home.
Invaluable for the practicing nurse or the beginner.
Endorsements by physicians, nurses and patients.
Letters from hundreds of graduates earning $12 to $30 weekly.
THE CHAUTAUQUA SCHOOL OF NURSING,
305 Main Street, Jamestown, N. Y.

RUBBER-TIRE TOP BUGGY $50

With leather-quarter top and all up-to-date appointments. Guaranteed two years. Sold on

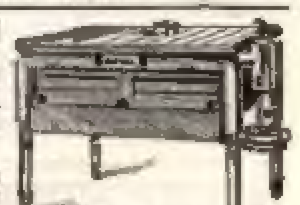
With Steel Tires $39.

30 DAYS FREE TRIAL

This and many other bargains fully described in our free catalog. We are bona-fide manufacturers, and sell **direct to you** at factory prices. We make 150 styles of vehicles from **$23.50** up and 100 styles of harness from **$4.40** up. Don't buy vehicle or harness until you hear from us.

Write today for Free Money-Saving Catalogue.

U. S. BUGGY & CART CO.
Sta. 825 Cincinnati, O.



$12.75 **Freight Paid** East of Rockies
This 230 Egg Incubator

THE ROYAL The world's simplest, surest hatcher. Automatic in action; perfect results. Incubator and supply catalogue free. **FREE TRIAL** Booklet "Care and Feeding of Chicks" 10 cents. 50 cent poultry paper 1 year 10 cents.

Royal Incubator Co., Drawer 89, Des Moines, Iowa.

PATENTS that PROTECT

Our 3 books for Inventors mailed on receipt of 6 cts. stamps

R. S. & A. B. LACEY, Washington, D. C. Estab. 1869

Which Floor Do You Prefer?

If the one to the right let us tell you how easily it is done in thousands of homes by the use of

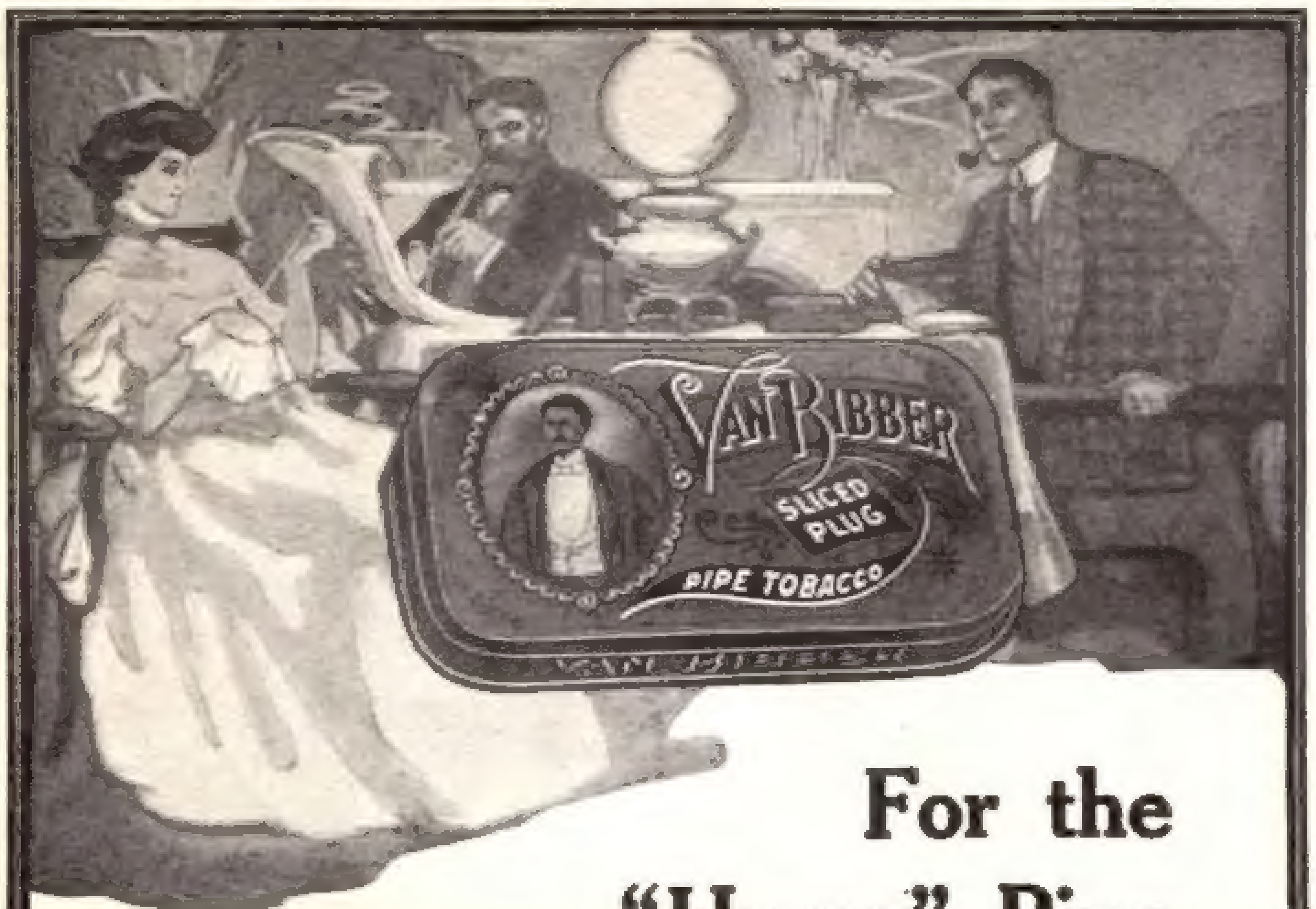
Grippin's Floor Crack Filler and Finishes

BEFORE TREATMENT
AFTER TREATMENT

Our improved method of finishing all floors. Sanitary, simple and inexpensive. Skilled labor is not necessary.

Write NOW for descriptive matter to

GRIPPIN MFG. CO., Dept. 4
Newark, New York State



For the "Home" Pipe

Pipe tobacco is essentially a home tobacco. To enhance the comfort, peace and quiet of home the tobacco must be of the very highest and mildest qualities.

VAN BIBBER
Sliced Plug Pipe Tobacco

makes the "home" pipe thoroughly enjoyable.

Van Bibber is a delicious combination of richness, mellowness and fragrance, and most of all it is the *mildest* sliced plug made. It's cool in smoking, slow and smooth in burning—and *costs* no more than the ordinary kinds.

As it is a new blend it may not be on sale everywhere *yet.* If your dealer hasn't Van Bibber tobacco,

Send 10c. for a Full-size Box to Dept. "S"

The American Tobacco Company

111 Fifth Avenue, New York

The fastest boat of its size and power built, length, 22 feet—6 and 10 H. P., Mullins Reversible Engine—Speed, 11-14 miles an hour. Fast—Safe—Noiseless. The lowest priced "Good" motor boat built.

We want to Tell You "WHY"

Mullins
Noiseless Steel Motor Boats

are the fastest boats built—the safest boats built—the most durable boats built—the most elegant in design, finish and ease of operation—why they are "noiseless" and why they "Can't Sink." The ideal boat for summer resorts.

Write Today for Our Free Catalog of

Motor Boats, Row Boats, Hunting and Fishing Boats,

which illustrates and describes our complete line of craft.

Mullins Pressed Steel Pleasure Boats are the ideal boats for families, summer resorts, boat liveries, etc. **They are absolutely safe.**

The W. H. Mullins Co., 120 Franklin St., Salem, O.

(Member National Ass'n of Engine and Boat Manufacturers.)

MENNEN'S BORATED TALCUM TOILET POWDER

A Positive Relief For

Chapped Hands, Chafing

and all **skin troubles.** *"A little higher in price perhaps than imitations, but a reason for it."* Delightful after shaving and after bathing. Sold everywhere, or mailed on receipt of 25c. Get Mennen's (the original). *Sample free.*

GERHARD MENNEN COMPANY, NEWARK, N. J.

An Education
Without Cash

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST offers a full course, all expenses paid, in any college, conservatory or business school in the country in return for a little work done in leisure hours. You select the school—we pay the bills. If you are interested, send a line addressed to

The Curtis Publishing Company

Philadelphia

Pettijohn

ALL WHEAT GOOD TO EAT

You Must Cook It Right!

To get the whole delicious, rich, nutty flavor of Pettijohn, you must follow these four simple rules:

1. Always use a double boiler.
2. Have water boiling.
3. Do not stir while cooking.
4. Cook thoroughly twenty minutes.

You have never really eaten Pettijohn unless you have cooked it right. Read directions on the package.

REO

1906 Touring Car

16 h. p., 1600 pounds, 90-inch wheel base, 5 passengers, side door detachable tonneau. Speed 35 miles per hour, **$1250.**

1906 Runabout

8 h. p., 900 pounds, 2 passengers, 25 miles per hour, **$650.** With folding seat **$675.**

The Car That Did
The Car That Will

No cars have ever scored a more remarkable series of real victories than were won in their first short season by REO cars.

In the great six-day Economy test they won the First and second gold medals and three other prizes—five out of seven.

On Paddock Hill, Cincinnati, a REO Touring-car won three cups in one day, beating all of the twenty competing 4-passenger gasoline cars; including eight of the 24-horse power rating and double the REO'S price.

In the Los Angeles Dealers' Run; in the Glidden tour; in the Mt. Washington "Climb to the Clouds" and on the Syracuse and Empire City race tracks REO cars broke the reliability, economy, climbing and racing records; and leapt at one bound into the front rank of star performers.

REO cars stand up to practical everyday work without trouble or complaint.

What REOS have done REOS will do.

Write for the REO Book that tells why.

REO Motor Car Co. Sales Department, Lansing, Mich.
R. E. OLDS, President; R. M. OWEN, Sales Mgr.

Agencies throughout the United States

WASHBURN-CROSBY CO.
WASHBURN'S
TRADE MARK
Gold
MEDAL
FLOUR
WASHBURN-CROSBY CO.

Don't Discharge the Cook

Use **GOLD MEDAL FLOUR**
It makes better bread
for all kinds of bakers
than any other flour-
and the better the
bread the better the
baker. It is milled
to improve meals.
It yields energy.
It is most healthful.
It furnishes the largest
amount of nutriment
at the least cost.
Other flours do not.

WASHBURN-CROSBY'S
GOLD MEDAL FLOUR

COPYRIGHT 1908 WASHBURN-CROSBY CO. MINNEAPOLIS MINN. U.S.A.